

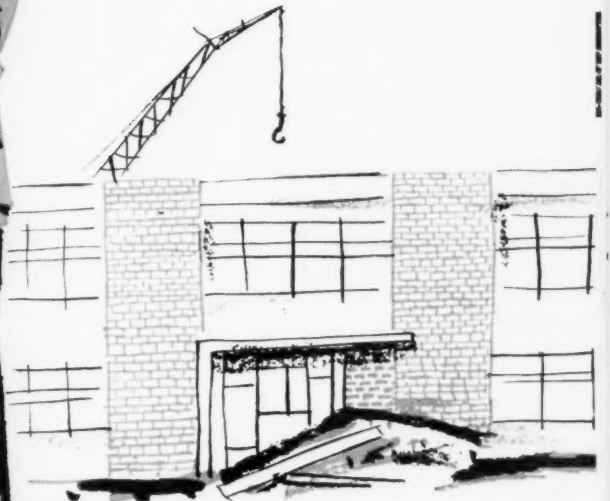
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Motive

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MOTIVES: *Innocence and
Experience*

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For it is innocence which is full and experience which is empty.

It is innocence which wins and experience which loses.

It is innocence which is young and experience which is old.

It is innocence which grows and experience which shrinks.

It is innocence which is born and experience which dies.

It is innocence which knows and experience which does not know.

*It is the child who is full and the man who is empty.
Empty like an empty pumpkin and like an empty barrel.
There, God says, that is what I think of your experience.*

Go, my children, go to school.

And you, men, go to the school of life.

Go to learn

To unlearn.

*Charles Péguy
The Mystery of the Holy Innocents*



THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING A CHRISTIAN

BY W. BURNET EASTON, JR.

THE taxi which cuts in in front of me shouts from a sign on its back, "Go to church on Sunday—it will make you feel better!" The billboard across the corner tells me, "Don't send—take your family to church this Sunday." The radio begins and ends with prayer, or what passes for it. Tin Pan Alley urges me to "Call on the MAN upstairs" and a Hollywood star informs all and sundry that "God is a Lovin' Doll." Almost every slick paper magazine carries at least one article on how "Religion is a good thing," and the American Legion started last year a "Back to God" campaign.

Christianity, or at least religion, has become respectable and even popular. Churches are filled as never before and, for the first time in our history, they are growing faster than the population. Everybody is being urged to get on the bandwagon, and it would appear that a lot of people are.

But bandwagons are notoriously shaky affairs and there are many aspects of this whole popular religion-is-a-good-thing revival which are very disturbing. For the sake of the record, let me say that I am a Christian in the sense that I believe in biblical Christianity, and I try to live it as best I can—with the usual sorry gaps between faith and practice that flesh is heir to. Also I am an evangelist at heart, and I would like to see everybody have this faith too. I am convinced that if they would really accept it they would find it as indispensable as I do.

Nevertheless, there is something frightfully superficial about the way Christianity is being sold today. Christ does have the Pearl of Great Price, but what many of Christianity's hucksters forget to tell the public is that it is a Pearl of *Great Price*, for which a man must sell *all* that he has in order to get it.

IN other words, there are real disadvantages in being a Christian which the hucksters do not always tell us about. Since honesty is supposed to be one of the Christian virtues, we Christians ought not to try to sell our product without making clear that there is a price tag attached, and that the price is high.

One of the characteristics of our contemporary culture which I can never understand is that so many people want to be called Christian. All kinds of people who are ignorant, or doubtful, or both, about the Christian doctrine, and who have no intention of practicing Christian ethics beyond conventional morality, seem to desperately want to be labeled Christian. Some, especially the more intellectually sophisticated, even distort the Christian faith into something it is not and still want to call themselves and their beliefs Christian. I cannot see why. There is nothing *evil* about not being a Christian.

In terms of social morality and ethics Christians are not more moral than non-Christians. In fact, I know some atheists who are more ethically

motive

sensitive and responsible than most Christians I know. And in our country all civil and social rights are granted without reference to a man's religion or lack of it. It is hard to see why people want to be labeled Christian. In order to be a Christian you have to be a little bit crazy—maybe more than a little bit! No sensible person wants to be crazy; people are only crazy because they can't help it! Wrote St. Paul to the Corinthians, "We are fools for Christ's sake . . . the refuse of the world . . . the scum of the earth." No

reason and techniques. Neither the greatest telescope nor the most powerful microscope has ever discovered anything which could be identified as God, nor a locus where he could be said to reside. Our atheist friends who disagree with us accuse us of wish-thinking and of manufacturing our belief in God because we are afraid of facing life alone and without a God. We do not believe this is true but we cannot *prove* that we are right and they are wrong. This difficulty, however, is a relatively minor one, for, in spite of the fact that we cannot prove God is, we are in the company of a great many other people who believe as we do. (According to the opinion polls from 95 to 97 per cent of the population.) For the vast majority it seems more reasonable to assume, even if it cannot be proved, that there is a Creator of the universe rather than to assume that it all happened just by accident.

FOR Christians the situation becomes more embarrassing when we affirm the nature of God. We Christians absurdly affirm that the God who ordained the stars in their courses and stored up the energy in the atom, so loves this stupid biped who clutters up the face of the earth that he actually entered into our human existence as an obscure Jewish Rabbi, suffered all the injustices of human life and died a criminal death. This is incredible!

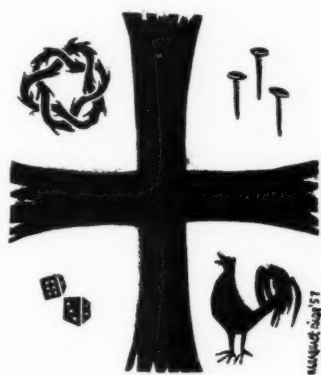
Other religions have claimed that their God, or one of their gods, has come into the world—but always as a hero, or a conqueror, or a philanderer, maintaining the full divine prerogatives a god should. Even the Buddha, who in his earthly life comes nearest to Jesus, was born into a princely family, had a highly successful career, lived to a ripe old age, and died in peace surrounded by his adoring disciples. The idea that God—the Creator of the Universe—would enter human life as an obscure peasant, suffer all human privations and frustrations and be condemned to an agonizing criminal death is just plain ridiculous. As St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "It is utter foolishness to the Greeks." It

always is to the Greeks of all ages and cultures including our own. When we add to all this our most important belief, that God raised Christ from the dead, it is worse than ridiculous, it is absurd. You see, to be Christian you have to be more than a little crazy!

But unfortunately this is only the beginning. Once we Christians have accepted Christ—or to put it more accurately, once we have let ourselves be grasped by him—we find that we have to go out and tell people about it. It is too good for us to keep, and we have to try to persuade others to see what we see. That's the rub! In our world, happily, you can believe all kinds of weird things as long as you keep them to yourself and do not impose on others. It is when you try to persuade others that they ought to believe as you do, and when you start interfering with their lives and beliefs that you get into trouble, and that is just what Christians feel compelled to do. Among other things, when you do this, you are in danger of being called "intolerant" and a "fanatic."

Everybody knows today that there is nothing much worse, especially among the sophisticated, than to be intolerant and a fanatic. The sophisticated know that there is no such thing as THE TRUTH; all truth is relative. These wise folk say to us, "Do you really mean that Christianity is *The Truth*—the Absolute Truth?" And we have to say, "Yes. It is. God was in Christ, and Christ is *the Way, the Truth and the Light*. Somewhere, someday, somehow, every knee must bow to Him and every tongue confess Him, including you!" And then these people say, "You are not only crazy; you're intolerant and a fanatic!" And we have to say, "Yes, I guess I am." It is all very embarrassing and it can be very unpleasant, especially if you want to make a hit with sophisticated people. Don't let yourself get caught in this position if you can help it!

THERE is another related disadvantage in being a Christian. Not only must we believe things we cannot prove, and not only must we witness to these beliefs, we also have to do things because of our beliefs. This



man in his right mind wants to be a fool!—refuse—the scum of the earth!

IN my sophomore year in college I took a course in philosophy. At that time I was thinking of entering the ministry, later I gave up the idea, and still later found that I could not give it up. But at the time, one day after class, I mentioned to my philosophy teacher that I was thinking of going into the ministry. He thought for a moment and then said, "I suppose it is like philosophy. You shouldn't go in if you can possibly stay out." Profound words those, and I suspect they apply to every vocation, but they certainly apply to Christianity. In some sense we Christians should say to everybody, and especially those on the fringes of the faith, "Don't come if you can possibly stay out! There are all kinds of disadvantages in being a Christian! It can upset your life no end!"

Without intending to be exhaustive let me point out a few.

We Christians believe in a God whose existence we cannot prove either by philosophy or by scientific

can be quite obnoxious to others and even to us. We have to fight for causes which are frequently unpopular, particularly with the people with whom we would like to make a hit. This can be unusually disadvantageous when, as sometimes happens, we have to do something about the rightness of which we are not certain ourselves; we only *hope* it is right and know we have to do it. We often get caught between two fires. If we take an unpopular stand one group accuses us of having a martyr complex, or a more heinous neurosis; if we do not take a stand another group accuses us of being cowards and hypocrites. We are caught either way.

Sometimes we have to take stands and do things which seem harsh, divisive and even cruel. We are commanded by our Lord to follow the Law of Love, but this love is not sentimental. Sometimes, and this is not always understood, love must be hard and punishing. (I punish my children because I love them; if I did not love them I would not bother to punish them.) Jesus was never a sentimentalist. He knew that on occasions he and his disciples would have to be hard, dogmatic and divisive, and he said as much. "Do not think I have come to bring peace on earth; I have not come to bring peace but a sword. For I have come to set a man against his father,

and a daughter against her mother . . . and a man's foes will be in his own household. He who does not bear his cross cannot be my disciple." Harsh words those, but true! Anyone sitting on the edges of Christianity and thinking about coming in ought to consider them seriously.

In connection with the unpleasant duties of being a Christian, which, incidentally, can take a lot of time, another thing ought to be mentioned. There is a widespread cliché, all too frequently spread by Christian leaders who ought to know better, that, "If you do your Christian duty, no matter how unpleasant, you will always feel better afterwards." It simply is not true. At least it is not always true.

Some years ago I felt it my Christian duty to criticize my boss. I thought I made the criticisms in a helpful and constructive spirit, but he clearly did not think so. Whether or not my criticisms were justified is beside the point. I and others thought they were, and I made them in Christian conscience. My boss called me in for an interview. I knew pretty well what was coming and I determined to try to practice the Christian virtues I profess. I would try to be fair, friendly and to apply the principle of turning the other cheek. If I say so myself, on that occasion, I think I did tolerably well. I took what he had to say, which eventually led to

my resignation, and left without rancor. But afterwards I did not "feel good" about what I had done; rather, I was mad as a wet hen! Worse, I felt that if I had really "told him off" I would have felt "just fine."

Again, one time I badly needed a job. Finally I found a very attractive one. The interview with my prospective employer was going well when he mentioned a man he had considered for the position but had turned down. By coincidence the man happened to be a good friend of mine, and I knew he needed a job as badly as I did. As a matter of Christian duty I began to "sell" my friend. I succeeded so well that in the end he got the job and I did not. Did I feel "good" or "virtuous" about it? I certainly did not. I was disgusted and resentful for weeks. The idea that just because we do what we believe is our Christian duty we are always going to "feel good" about it afterwards simply is not true.

THERE are all kinds of disadvantages in being a Christian. To mention only one other: We Christians are always under the command to live and perform better than we can ever manage. This can be very discouraging and it opens us to the criticism of being hypocrites. Nobody likes to be thought a hypocrite. In this day of popular religious revival the disadvantages of being a Christian ought to be made crystal clear to all outsiders. We should take seriously the advice of Jesus, not to build a tower until we have counted the cost. Or, as my old philosophy professor put it, "Don't go in if you can possibly stay out!"

Of course, if you cannot stay out—if you let Christ really get you so that you cannot stay out—Ah! That is another kettle of fish! Just thank God that it has happened, and come over on our side and fight. We are all a little crazy, but in spite of the disadvantages, it's exciting and lots of fun! And in the end, of course, we are going to win, because Christ has already won the victory.



I WONDER WHAT BECAME OF ME?

Kermit Eby is a bit exasperated with "the careful young men."
And he wonders if we have to be nihilists—he thinks not.

TRENDS IN NATIONAL AND COMMUNITY LIFE

BY KERMIT EBY

ONE trend in American life transcends all others. We are rapidly becoming, perhaps already are, a militarized power-oriented state—witness our most-recent budget.

Historians in their more realistic moments like to point out that "all man learns from history is that he doesn't." If we need evidence of this observation, all we need to do is look around us. Are not the drives toward intellectual, spiritual and political conformity constantly being accelerated? Is there a single day which passes that our press and radio does not extol the bomb as an instrument of peace; the only barrier which stands between us and world communism? Are not the pressures for preventive war ever mounting? (By the time this is in print, we may be in war in some guise or other.)

Have the efforts to inflict compulsory military training on us abated, or is the strategy for doing so being re-examined? To come closer home, what keeps our economy on a somewhat even keel? Defense expenditures, of course!

Now why did we go to war with Germany and Japan—to restore democratic freedoms, to crush out militarism, and to free the people from economic enslavement. (How well I remember our mandate when I was a member of the commission to reorganize education in Japan.) And if we go to war with Russia, it will be for exactly the same reasons, will it not?

It is exactly here our allies fear us almost as much as they do the Russians. Death to them is no welcome experience, even though we inflict it

on them to preserve their freedoms! What makes it doubly galling is our blind faith in force as the final arbiter. There is an even more pessimistic school of thought which argues, man is only capable of learning through suffering, and we have not suffered.

War to us is something which is fought on other people's land, over other people's cities. We, it seems, are incapable of imagining what it would be like to have our cities laid waste. Perhaps, this judgment is too harsh, but it most certainly is true that ours in the present day is a blind belief in the final triumph of sheer brute force. If we need a reminder, instant retaliation should be enough.

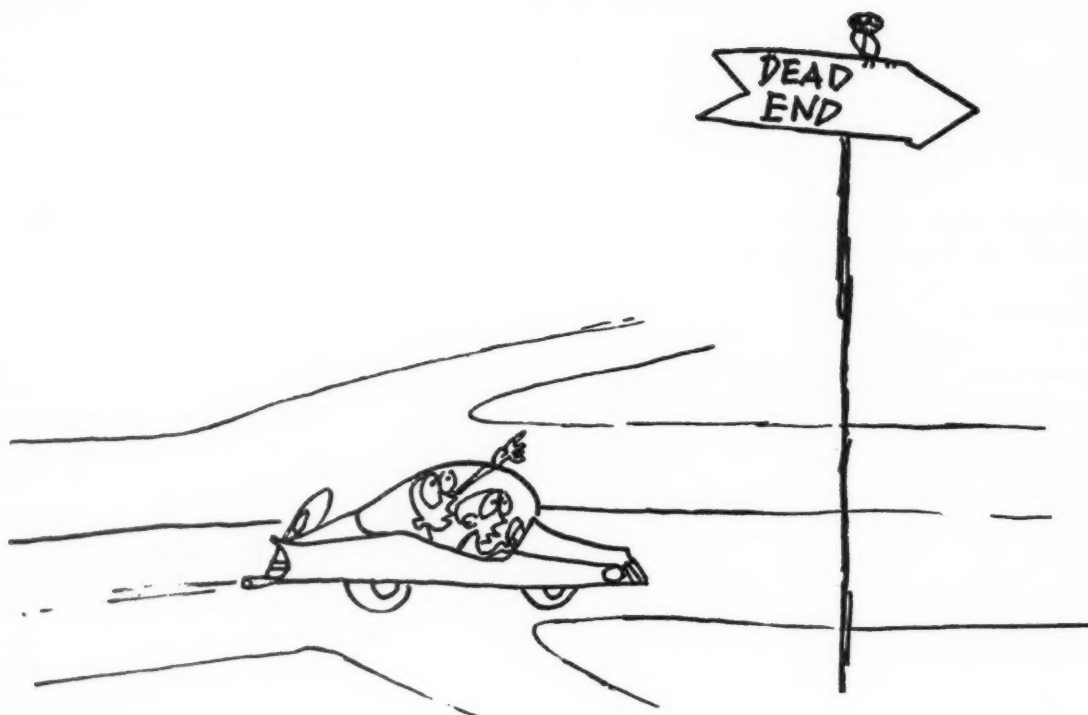
Men so blinded tend always to confuse the expedient and the moral. As a consequence, we have become everywhere identified with reactionary governments, the enemy of revolutionary aspirations. Franco, not the Spanish people, is our hope. And while we insist we cannot do business with communist dictatorships, we do business with Tito every day. And was not King Saud, a dealer in slaves, our most-recent guest? Muted voices, it seems to me, are muted voices irrespective of whose side they are on.

BLINDLY confusing the expedient and the moral, we encourage the Japanese to violate their constitution by rearming. A constitution, by the way, we wrote for them. In Germany, fourteen years ago, we sentenced to death and imprisoned militarists; today we have remilitarized them. Is there any wonder they think us mad?

More than once, I have heard it argued that we should treat our minorities justly so that they can be depended on in time of crisis, as if the reasons for being right were not important, only the results.

Before the complete militarization of our life can be accomplished, dissent in all its forms must be crushed. The obvious means of so doing are all around us—congressional investigations, loyalty oaths and the ever-present F.B.I. Legalized wire tapping is just around the corner.

The less obvious means of control can best be described as vocational-



I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE SIDE ROADS LEAD.

ism; the pressure for jobs and the fear that nonconformity may destroy one's job possibilities. Manifestations of the trend are felt on every campus. Here at Chicago, students are increasingly reluctant to become involved in political organizations and support unpopular causes. Quite candidly they admit when pressed, "we have to eat, don't we." A fact which it is difficult to contest.

Another manifestation is the declining number of persons who support causes, particularly if they are controversial, or so it seems to me as I read the increasingly urgent appeals and listen to the tales of woe of my friends on the frontiers of civil liberties and peace.

In every way I know how, I try to antidote this trend toward making personal security primary by emphasizing that freedom has always been defended by the courageous. But I confess it is no easy task to overcome the most terrible of all temptations which face the sensitive, loneliness. The fear in America today among many is like that which descended on Europe, and great numbers of people lived on pointlessly, as Richard Cross-

man wrote, "like a great swarm of tired flies crawling over the dim windows of Europe."

Conformity in our political choices comes easy to us in spite of our emphasis on individualism. We are a conformist people. Columnists make up our minds for us each day in a press which by economic necessity depends on those who support it. And where we once had a choice in editorial opinion between "Republican and Democrat," that choice is disappearing because of the increasing cost of publishing a metropolitan daily and the pressures to consolidate. Even Colonel McCormick did not see fit to continue the *Washington Times-Herald* and sold it to the *Post*. And this year the *Tribune* took over the *Chicago Herald-American*.

ALTHOUGH I did not agree with the *Herald's* editorial policy, I am of the opinion that those who did suffered a loss when it was discontinued. Of course, there is the labor press and a few magazines of dissent but their impact most certainly does not counteract the powerful impression of

press, radio and television. Consequently, we not only think, but drink, eat, dress and deodorize ourselves, alike.

During my UNESCO days, my world colleagues seemed as afraid of being conquered by Hollywood as by Moscow, and for much the same reason—the regimentation of mind and attitude which Hollywood produces.

If this were not so, would we be so afraid of the communist bogey? Would there be so many "up-side-down" communists among us? (An "up-side-down" communist is one who waits to find out what the communists are doing and then does the opposite.) This behavior rests on the assumption that it is inevitable that communists do the converting. No American dare risk meeting one. To which, I reply, not so! It is my conviction from experience that it is just as likely, if I know what I believe and why, that I might convert him. Other manifestations of this "up-side-downness" is the temptation to meet a communist, and beat him on his own ground by using tactics ascribed to him. For example, deny him free speech because he would

motive

deny it to you, like the reply of an American labor leader to Harry Bridges when he asked for the floor, "Harry, I'm treating you like you would treat me if you were up here."

Probably, the Stockholm peace pledge and its successors were written by Stalin, with Caesar Borgia, Machiavelli and the devil looking over his shoulder. Personally, I doubt it! But that isn't the only issue. More significant is the longing for peace in the hearts of the millions who signed it. And even more significant is the failure of the West to provide a moral alternative. What all the facts are in the Oppenheimer case doesn't concern me nearly as much as our failure, yes, the church's failure, to have an answer to his moral dilemma. And only a few years ago, Senator McCarthy asked an entire civil service corps to violate their oath of office.

HOW terrible is the destiny of man and nation when negation triumphs. "Adolph Hitler," argues Hermann Rauschnig in his *Triumph of Nihilism*, "united the Germans against their enemies real and imagined, and out of the unity bred on hate they brought destruction to the world."

Negation is increasingly our unifying force. Stopping communism our historic role.

Here in Chicago, Protestants are up in arms over the "Martin Luther" banning, but they were not heard on the Broyles Act and other violations of free speech. Has it ever occurred to us that advancing the democratic dreams of the oppressed and underprivileged would be more right and incidentally a better defense. As I so often tell ministers, I would be more happy if fewer preachers began their sermons by de-

claring "I am not a communist," and more began "I am a Christian, therefore, this I believe, therefore, this I do." Or in a more facetious mood, I plead, "Let's quit looking under the bed for communists; let's be so right they look under the bed for us." Perhaps, there is no better place and time to begin than here and now. And no better way to begin than by understanding. Anyone can declare, and many do, their belief in love and justice. The fun starts with the implementation, as all those who are busy implementing the recent Supreme Court decision are discovering.

THERE are many trends in our national and community life that one might discuss other than militarism, conformity and negation. For example, (Continued on page 11)

the tailor master who killed seven bottles with one gulp

BY EMIL PAUL JOHN

PEOPLE claim that Uncle Hornig survived the dangers of war because he could run a ziz-zag course better than a headless chicken. They base their claim on the fact that ever since he fled as a refugee from Yugoslavia into Austria in 1943, Uncle Hornig has been staggering over such a course with fascinating skill.

Most likely Uncle Hornig's gait never would have bothered people if he had walked more often in the direction of the Danube River or some small cliff. But the old fellow always headed toward one goal whenever he gathered sufficient momentum from the barroom bouncer to begin his famous zig-zag course. That goal was the First Methodist Church in Linz.

"God, be patient with me!" he would pray aloud during a church service, and everyone knew exactly when he would breathe the "Amen" to end his prayer because he always burped just before. When Uncle Hornig burps, the altar flowers wither.

One day when the supply of flowers was running out, the pastor of the church ordered two henchmen to deposit Uncle Hornig on the street and kindly tell him to fill his pockets with lead and jump off the nearest bridge.

"What kind of Christians are you!" Uncle Hornig shouted. "You don't love a poor old sinner like me!" And with that he burped and shouted "Amen" and the pastor couldn't shut the door in time to protect the last batch of flowers.

This happened ten years ago. Thereafter Uncle Hornig sank like a cesspool, reaching bottom in November, 1956, when he slept for the month in the waiting room of the train station and lived on leftovers from the beer mugs which a big-hearted waiter emptied into a barrel for him.

I mention the date November, 1956, because in that month some people called Hungarians started a fight which, if it did not end their own misery, was to lower a rope for Uncle Hornig to climb out of his cesspool. Papa Nausner extended the rope. He said: "Here we have received used clothing for the Hungarian refugees, but very few fit them. Hornig is a tailor; let him cut clothes for the boys."

The resurrection began: \$4 for a month's rent on a room; two meals a day at table with the Hungarians in the Caravan Methodist Church; a weekly salary of \$1.20; a used sewing machine from Brethren Service Commission. Uncle Hornig had resumed his profession as tailor, something he had practiced for fifty-two years.

The refugee boys complained bitterly during the first weeks because Uncle Hornig's needle reacted as if someone had poured a thimbleful of vodka into its pin cushion.

"Look! He has cut one sleeve shorter than the other!"

"When he measures me, I'm afraid to breathe!"

"If he burps in my face again I'm going back to Hungary!"

And all the time Papa Nausner would say: "Be patient with the old fellow . . . he's just out of practice a little."

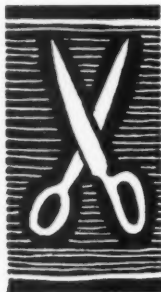
Well, let us make a short story shorter. Today Uncle Hornig still sews for the thirty Hungarian boys living at the Caravan Methodist Church. He sleeps next door, eats meals with the boys and takes home a plate of chow which he shares with a couple of cronies. When he meets his former train-station acquaintances and they ask where he's been lately, he answers with a peacock strut: "I'm *working* now!" And if a cop tries to pinch him, thinking he's stealing the bundle of clothes under his arm, Uncle Hornig replies with indignation:

"I'm taking these clothes home to repair for the boys. I'm a *tailor master*!"

I don't know how long the old goat will keep his beard out of foam. People say he hasn't walked a zig-zag course in four months. But that's unimportant. Nice thing about all this is that Uncle Hornig, after sixty-five years of existence, has learned to laugh without the aid of alcohol.

* * *

Note: The pastor who tossed out Uncle Hornig from the church has retired and now operates an office for counseling alcoholics, "something I've been doing for fifty years," he says. All of which makes one compare him with thunder and Papa Nausner with rain.



world federation --a must

BY TRACY D. MYGATT

TO begin with a platitude, the desirability of a fine goal in life is something no one will gainsay. For the rudderless person is a pitiable, sometimes even a tragic, sight. How much more pitiable and tragic, then, is our torn, anarchic world of today! For still it stumbles on in the old illusions as to the dependability for peace of leagues, alliances, power-blocs and arms, largely unaware of the political goal toward which federalists believe statesmen and people should strive, democratic World Federation.

"But why," promptly demands someone as concerned as I for lasting peace, "why is the United Nations not enough?"

Well, I can only beg you to bear with me as I try to persuade you that for all its countless life-saving achievements, as notably in the field of its Specialized Agencies, WHO, FAO, and the rest, and in UNICEF, the United Nations is still, under its critically out-dated Charter, only a league of sovereign states. Constantly, under the league system, there is the temptation in our recurrent crises, to embark on unilateral or joint military action. Only so recently as November, 1956, we saw such action on the part of Britain, France and Israel. And though shortly Britain and France yielded to the UN mandate, it was not before a terrified world had again glimpsed the spectre of World War III.

THOUGH the United Nations Emergency Force (UNEF) performed outstanding service in the Suez area, there was of course no world law behind it. And even as I write, a new crisis has developed. True, this may presently be resolved. Conceivably a reconstituted UNEF may again go to the rescue. But even if a so-called *police force* under the UN should be made permanent, as many federalists hope, it will be powerless to maintain, still less effect, lasting peace. For the Middle East (as too many other regions) is a tinder-box, beset by the very forces which ever threaten to tear the United Nations apart for good and all. And we should realize that no "police force" can be at once law, constable, and court!

Instead of setting sights on such a remedy, all nations, alerted at long last to the peril of annihilation, should demand universal, democratic, nonmilitary world law operative at least upon those areas in which wars explode. Granted such a mighty awareness on their part, this could be achieved by a UN Review Conference, with subsequent agreement by governments.

LATE in 1955, such a conference was voted by the General Assembly and Security Council. But on June 3, 1957, the Review Conference was fur-

ther postponed. To federalists this was nothing less than tragic. For the world cannot afford to let unbridled national sovereignty continue as foundation of the Charter. UN rethinking on this is desperately urgent.

For a league, however noble in purpose, is shifting sand upon which to build enduring peace. All too clearly we of today should be seeing in the ancient league pattern the hopelessness of attaining permanent peace. It is an old, futile structure.



HISTORY WILL BE MY VINDICATION

Blood-soaked centuries warn us that voluntary compliance with league mandates has bitterly failed. To gain a *warless* earth, this must become a *governed* earth, equipped with the usual branches of government—legislative, executive, judicial. As already on lower levels of city, county, state, and nation, we are blessed with appropriate law, so also on the top or international level, we must secure law. Our Founding Fathers' brilliant federal system of a "divided sovereignty" must be extended to the world.

Now as never before, when men have split the atom, and East and West alike have added the horror of guided missiles and hydrogen bombs, our threatened world cries out for world federation as, under God, the supreme political goal for the rescue of mankind.

Indeed, had enough implementation among rank and file followed the fine utterance in the Methodist *Discipline* of 1951, it would not be necessary to urge world government among Methodists. They would already be in the forefront of the struggle. Now I would urge upon them the fact that the General Conference at Minneapolis, in April, 1955, voted that the United Nations "... must be given sufficient authority to enact, interpret, and enforce world law against aggression and war." Need I add a *verbum sap*?

Before briefly dealing with some of the main organs of the UN in which we advocate changes, I would stress three points of special urgency: universality of membership; federalism of structure; and law enforcement upon the individual instead of punitive action against the member-state. Happily the UN has recently made great progress upon the first point.

SPECIFICALLY we hold that the General Assembly should be made a legislative body, its law-making powers strictly limited, as previously noted, to issues dealing with international relations. Also, since the "one nation, one vote" present method of representation would obviously be grossly unfair in the reconstituted Assembly, a different system of representation must be worked out at the

Review Conference to secure just representation for all, one assuredly not forgetting urgent human claims of the up-surging peoples of Asia and Africa. Colonialism, with its glaring injustices and cruelties, must go.

Admittedly, representation is an intricate question. Various plans have been drafted, probably the best by that eminent jurist, Grenville Clark who, with Louis Sohn, has devised a scheme seemingly just to all concerned. Final decision, of course, will rest—as upon all proposals—with the Review Conference, and the necessary subsequent national ratifications.

FURTHER, we must note that in the Assembly, as throughout the envisaged world government, the representatives would be, so far as possible, popularly elected, rather than as now in the UN, appointees of the nation states. For federalists deeply cherish the concept of our Founding Fathers that sovereignty is vested in the people.

The Security Council, now incessantly blocked by veto, would become a world executive, charged with carrying out the laws of the Assembly. The International Court of Justice, always seriously restricted in its judicial competence, would become a World Court with compulsory jurisdiction, and empowered to deal with individuals guilty of violating world law. Appellate and other lower courts would be formed. And the judicial decisions of all would be carried out by a genuine, civilian police force.

As for the immensely valuable work of the various councils and commissions, the specialized agencies and UNICEF, substantially they would continue as before, except for a greatly and happily enhanced field of duties, as presently indicated in my discussion of armament.

PERHAPS those are correct who insist that at its inception, shortly before the atomic explosion on Hiroshima, the United Nations could not have achieved this encompassing stature, that neither the US Senate nor the USSR would have agreed to so vast a

change. Yet for us who had seen the debacle of the League of Nations, it was bitterly disappointing that our petitions that the new organization be not again a league, but a World Federal Union, were presented in vain. The men at the top failed to see the goal.

In any case—and always granting the swiftly growing problems posed by the Soviet Union and by the whole East-West deadlock—federalists deplore the lack of vision toward the objective of world federation. For if in 1945 and succeeding years, sights had been set on this goal deeply, even prayerfully, by the world's statesmen, our present situation could not have been half so desperate.

Indeed I am far from forgetting the long intransigence, infamies, and brutalities of Russia! Communism is every whit as detestable to me as to any other Christian who profoundly treasures the civil liberties Russia so flagrantly denies. Her numberless vetoes, which for years have blocked progress in the UN, are so obnoxious that some would heartily oust her from the organization she has flouted, and refuse her entrance in the basically revised United Nations federalists envisage.

But the Soviet Union is in the world. Unless East and West are to go down in the mutual doom of nuclear war, dragging the world with them, it is imperative that we strive on, through far more insistent negotiation, compromise and persuasion. Disappointing as it is to those of us who yearn desperately for good concrete results, even the long-drawn-out UN Disarmament Conference itself is proof that such persistent, patient negotiation is possible.

Further, while such a Conference is in session, may I plead guilty to some cynicism of my own toward those portions of church and laity themselves too cynical—or too absent-minded!—to offer passionate prayers for its success. Indeed if prayers are answered according to our faith, it sometimes seems to me we deserve little of God. Is it "realism"—or plain sin—to doubt Divine power to change Russia and the other totalitarian states?

AT any rate, and as aid to such faith, we must note that first among the changes envisaged under the new order, is the universal abandonment of all national armament above the level of domestic requirement. Thus no longer would the Soviet Union be a menace to us, nor we to her. The radioactive poisons, fast accruing in soil, water, food, and air, even from the testing of fission and fusion weapons, which now, according to mounting scientific testimony, are producing leukemia and bone-cancer with prime target little children, and which menace the very *genes* of unborn generations, would no longer be launched against a helpless humanity. All honor to that glorious apostle of loving-kindness, Albert Schweitzer, for his impassioned appeal to us all!

We should be quit of armament's intolerable financial burden, its ever-increasing inflationary danger, its deep troubling of the Christian conscience, its peril in tempting men to try again

the futile and unchristian solution of war.

So at last, freed of the drain upon national treasuries for weapons of destruction, we could in earnest set about the huge-scale feeding of the hungry, healing of the sick. We could at long last rally to the needs of the now bitterly poverty-stricken two thirds of mankind—surely our primary obligation as professed followers of Christ! Thus, and only thus, could a basically revised United Nations carry on to the full its dedicated work for humanity.

Again, as to the possibility, or even desire to win Russia, Communist China, and the other totalitarian states whether of Left or Right, please note that domestic, internal sovereignty would remain intact. And while I share the hope of many that fascist and communist states, as they reap the political and economic advantages of the new order, will in time modify, or even abjure, their repressive systems, it should be enough, initially,

that they agree to obey the prescribed world law.

PERHAPS to some this whole goal for which I plead, may appear sheer fantasy, the ultimate in rationalization. Believe me, I am as poignantly aware as any of the blackness of present skies. Yet time and again, in periods of great darkness, energy and faith have been reborn. The mountain-climber, faced with imminent death on the desolate icy peak, has rallied himself for escape through new, untapped sources of strength and courage. Shall we do less for a whole world faced with death? Shall we quail before the supreme political adventure of substituting world law for world anarchy?

Or, shall we not rather, putting sloth and cynicism from us, take to ourselves the fine saying of a federalist friend of mine who when beset by the doubter, answers, "What *should* be done, *can* be done!"

Trends in National and Community Life

(Continued from page 7)

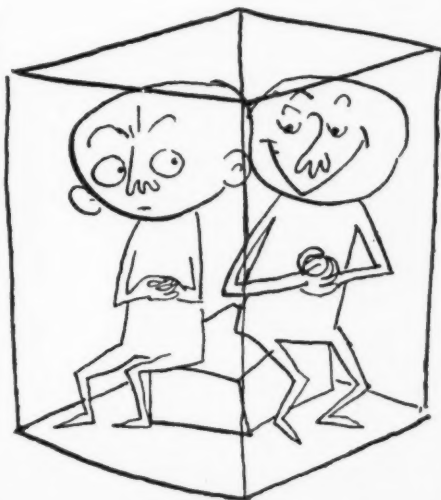
urbanizations, divorce, delinquency, alcoholism and crime. And to me they are not unrelated. For it has been my experience that societies and individuals turn to destruction in both the collective and personal when there is no dedication to larger beliefs and wider horizons. So lest I, out of my pessimism, suggest a few alternatives to our present suicidal trends, I will also be guilty of negation.

We might begin by examining our beliefs and developing for ourselves an ethical and spiritual plumb line by which to measure our conduct. Moving from belief, there is the ever-widening circle of education. The educated man, I teach my students, is he who can see the consequences of his acts in the sum total of their relationships. But education is not enough. We live in a *both-and* world—a world of

self and fellow men. Our morality must be institutional, too. So the mature man knowing what he believes, conscious of the consequence of his acts, gets for himself a base (in organization) and goes to work to implement his belief. In this process there is always discovery—the discovery of others with similar aspirations. With these, there develops that goodly fellowship from which God can be approached and man helped.

All is not lost. We in America have three wonderful assets: 1) Judeo-Christian faith, 2) our Anglo-Saxon English, democratic tradition and 3) a sense of fair play.

All we need is this and courage! I learned long ago that there is no reason that the angels of light should not be so effective as the angels of darkness. Since someone must make decisions, better that the decision makers should belong to the world of light rather than of darkness.



"WE'RE COMFORTABLE IN HERE, AREN'T WE?"

Cra

We do not exactly call it progress . . . but some miracles certainly have taken place within creation. What do they mean?

this miraculous universe



BY KIRBY PAGE

excellent one—and you will soon be aware that it is a textbook of God's miracles. Long ago it was observed that the "foolishness" of God is wiser than all the wisdom of men.

So powerful is our God that even his "feebleness" is mightier than all the strength of human beings. The sun sends daily twenty thousand times as much energy as we Earthians use for every purpose, as much as would be released by two million atomic bombs.

Power beyond comprehension was required to bring about the Rift Valley, a stupendous fracture in the earth's surface, with a sheer drop of fifteen hundred feet in places, that stretches four thousand miles from the Jordan Valley across the Red Sea, through Ethiopia, Kenya and Mozambique into the sea.

The Laurentian Hills of eastern Canada were born of a succession of volcanic explosions more furious than any the world has known, a vast upwelling of molten rock that engulfed two million square miles with lava two miles thick.

The caverns of the sea are so deep that if Mount Everest were dropped into their lowest depth, it would be submerged, with a mile of water above its summit. The oceanic mountains known as the Mid-Atlantic Range extend for ten thousand miles and are five hundred miles in width, all beneath the sea, except the Azores and a few other islands.

The greatest edifice ever reared by living creatures anywhere on earth is a monument of tiny coral polyps. The coral structure known as the Great Barrier Reef of Australia is twelve hundred miles in length and five hundred miles in width, and is one of the loveliest and most incredible of all creations, a succession of veritable palaces of the sea.

The heart of a human being circulates eight hundred gallons of blood a day, and can be expected to operate for two billion pumping strokes without a failure. On radio waves the sound of a dropped pin can be heard around the world. The human eye can detect a candle

WHEREVER man sends his mind, he encounters miracles of God; for miracles are not spectacular acts or events which set aside the laws of the Creator; miracles are mighty works wrought by the mind of the Eternal.

Five thousand stars are visible to the naked eye, two million celestial bodies can be seen through a small telescope, and the great Palomar glass sucks in the light of billions. The last frontier of vision is two billion light years distant, and a light year is six trillion miles. Two billions multiplied by six trillions!

No longer are atoms conceived as impenetrable billiard balls, for it is now known that each atom is a complex universe of whirling energy. Today's list of known molecules contains more than a million entries, and these are being added to at the rate of thirty thousand a year. There are more molecules in a cell than there are cells in a man, and this latter number, twenty-five million million, is itself ten thousand times as large as the number of people now living in the world. One human body contains a hundred thousand different kinds of protein molecules, with trillions of each variety. The colony of cells called an opossum has kept this pattern the same for eighty million years, and other colonies have held the pattern of a lichen for a billion years—and the lichen first appeared when the earth was in its fourth billion years of old age.

PICK up any comprehensive volume of modern science—*What Man May Be* by George Russell Harrison is an

shining miles away if it sends even a thousandths part of a trillion of horsepower. It is now possible to measure the ticking of atoms in billionths of a second.

SO miraculous is the mind of man that he has been able to create a new type of "brain" that utilizes ten thousand tiny ring-shaped magnets woven in a netting of wires to serve as a memory to store ten thousand bits of information in an instant. An electronic computer can in an hour carry out forty million arithmetical operations, handling ten thousand large numbers a second. Such a machine can solve in an hour problems much too complex for a human computer to solve in a lifetime.

Some individuals have what are called photographic memories. One young man could glance over any page of one of Shakespeare's plays, and repeat it word for word hours afterward. A small Hindu child was able to multiply any two twenty-eight numbers together in a fraction of a second. Coleridge is said to have written *Kubla Khan* at feverish speed after it came to him whole on waking from a nap. Beethoven sometimes composed by writing as he was directing.

A SCIENTIST writes, as he surveys modern knowledge: "It is not difficult to see the hand of God in the patterns which protons, neutrons, and electrons take to form molecules, molecules to form cells, cells to form tissues, organs, and bodies, and bodies to form social aggregations. No picture of creation is more inspiring than that of a beneficent Creator giving his creatures not a completed universe in which to dwell statically, but a universe of ordered and progressive opportunity."

For a billion years life has been evolving on this earth, until a scientist now knows there are "millions of levels of being alive." Even among human beings there are many degrees of aliveness. And vast is the range of difference in the realm of the spirit. Some individuals grope and stumble in spiritual darkness, and other persons have eyes for the invisible. There are Leonardos and Newtons and Einsteins of the spirit, and the towering peak of the range is our Lord Jesus.

The goal of all evolving life is personality with limitless capacity for creative fellowship with men and joyous comradeship with the living God. The Pioneer of life trod the pathway which leads to the Beloved Community, and now lives to guide us one by one to spiritual heights sublime.

MIRACLE of all marvelous miracles is the love of our heavenly Father for every child of every race in every clime, such personal affection that he seeks the lost until they are found, and endeavors in all appropriate ways to bless them with abundant and eternal life. This is the plan of the ages, this is the consummation of the cross of Christ, this is the goal of God's creation.

October 1957

CONTRIBUTORS

W. Burnet Easton, Jr., is Dean of Religious Life at Park College, Parkville, Missouri. He went to this position after teaching in a number of other institutions of higher learning. *motive* readers will recall some of his previous writing for the magazine which has been partially incorporated into his new book to be published later this month, *Basic Christian Beliefs*.

Kermit Eby is also the author (co-author in this case) of a new book, *The Paradoxes of Democracy*. One of the most resourceful of current writers on controversial issues, he was once director of Education and Research for the CIO, and since 1948 has been Professor of Social Sciences at the University of Chicago.

Emil Paul John has been serving in Austria with the Methodist Board of Missions as a "short-termmer." That is, he is one of that group of young men and women who serve at a near subsistence basis in areas of need for periods of three years. Emil's background is something out of a fable—sometime he will write the story for us, we hope.

Kirby Page has been, since World War I, one of America's most thoughtful interpreters of the pacifist movement. He has also produced guides for the individual devotional life which have left generations of thoughtful young people in his debt.

POETS: Now on the staff of the YMCA at the University of California, **Pierre Henri Delattre** has also been in *motive* before and in such "little magazines" as *Experiment*, *Kaleidograph*, *Colorado Quarterly*, *Recurrence*. **Finley Eversole** is a graduate student at the Vanderbilt Divinity School in Nashville, Tennessee. **William Harrison** will be found on *motive's* masthead. Coming from Texas, it seems natural that he should write about things of the desert! **Mrs. Downing Thomas**, the wife of a Dallas architect, is on the faculty of the English Department of Southern Methodist University, and is a good friend of the sculptor she is helping us introduce to our readers, Heri Bert Bartscht.

Tracy D. Mygatt (she is *Miss Mygatt*) is a vigorous campaigner for world government, as you note by reading her article. Her home is Brewster, New York, from which point she serves as the New York Secretary for the Campaign for World Government, Inc.

Lu Ann Massengale, a graduate of Southern Methodist, is the associate director of the Wesley Foundation of which she writes, that at the University of Oklahoma.

L. P. Pherigo our faithful hi-fi and long-playing enthusiast, actually has "L-P" for his initials and, actually too, is chairman of the Academic Policies Committee and Professor of Christian Life and Thought at Scarritt College, Nashville, Tenn. . . . Whew!

Joanne Gibbons came to Washington, D. C., from California, and since getting into the middle of things nationally, has done lots of other things such as working in research for the American Friends Committee.

Robert Hodgell is identified on the Contents page, but we must say something more about him. Another *motive* "old-timer," Bob has created some of the favorite art in the magazine, one of his most popular being the often reprinted "Head of Christ" he did while a student at the University of Wisconsin and high-jump champ of the Big Ten.

Whoa! Just about forgot about **Elwood Ellwood**. Elwood is a somewhat ill-tempered fellow who took a trip to Milton and came back untroubled. He will be writing some further observations in subsequent editions of *motive*, under the general title, "Return from Milton."

return from milltown

THE TERRIBLE TASTE OF PROTESTANTISM

BY ELWOOD ELLWOOD

What is taste?

It is knowing what is right, what belongs. It is going beyond a knowledge of correctness to an awareness of what is fitting.

It is a sense of discrimination, "accurate, refined and chaste."

Taste is critical. This is what makes taste chaste. The panderer cannot corrupt good taste.

Taste is a matter of understanding. This is why taste is refined. It can be developed. The pure can be burnt out of the native ore. Taste is not breeding, it is proper refining.

Taste is rightness. There is something almost absolute about the right. The perverse, those without discrimination, can never understand this.

So what about Protestantism?

BY inference, one should not imagine that I think either secularists or the Roman Catholics are better in matters of taste. They are not. The point is that it is mostly Protestants who will read this article. They are the ones I wish to shame.

Protestant iconoclasm once made us into a batch of boors. There is no one more intrepid in his aggressive bad behavior than the image breaker. Having set himself upon a course of symbolic vandalism, he smashes the good and the pure along with the less worthy. Then, left without anything of quality by which to measure himself, he proclaims his sectarian notions as the arbiter of taste. But it is not taste. It is bad manners.

In time we Protestants have had it borne in upon us that we really have been pretty bad off. So we have been laboring at the task of recovery of good taste.

But we found ourselves captive; for an intruder came in to occupy the vacuum our image breaking had created. This, for lack of a better label, we shall call commercialism: the attitude of those who have found it profitable to occupy the land of bad taste and sell to Protestants their goods of miserable construction. Protestants have allowed those with no discrimination other than a shrewd kind of animal cunning at the point of "What sells," to arbitrate their taste. Why do they allow such a situation to continue? i.e., allowing the supply houses (which with but few exceptions justify themselves and their continued existence by pointing to their contributions to the clergy's pension funds or some other presumably eleemosynary activity) to peddle synthetic art, indiscriminate choice in church furniture, and the posi-

tively sickening designs used on the bulletins for orders of worship. It must be because Protestants are either lazy or boors.

Protestants are not lazy.

TASTE AND LITURGY

Associated with the attempts to recover taste in church life has been a liturgical revival. This revival has had many facets, some of them mawkish.

There has been the identification of proper liturgy with Gothic furniture. But the phony Gothic of the twentieth century is as ridiculous as the story told by J. H. Behrman in his biography of Duveen, the fabulous art peddler. He describes the gauche financier Frick: "It was Frick's custom to have an organist in on Saturday afternoons to fill the gallery of his mansion at Seventieth Street and Fifth Avenue with the majestic strains of 'The Rosary' and 'Silver Threads Among the Gold' while he himself sat on a Renaissance throne, under a *Saturday Evening Post* to contemplate the works of Van Dyck and Rembrandt. . . ."

At other times those intent upon participating in the liturgical revival have discarded the "traditional" and eagerly grasped the "modern." Praise be that they have made the attempt; at least they know that taste must be relevant. But even here bad taste can still win the victory. Some modern appointments are terrible, too.

Why?

Because those responsible are victims of the same essential attitude as the commercialists: their judgment is based upon the *effect*, and not upon the liturgy. That,

motive

is, the new "center of worship" (horrible notion!) is accepted because it is supposed to produce a "worshipful mood." The trappings of the altar and the vestments of the clergyman are selected for their effect upon those who witness them. Like the purveyors of religious junk, their concern is with the effect upon the congregation, i.e., actually the "salability" of the appointments.

This gets to be a serious matter of bad taste when it moves into the area of manipulating the liturgy from the same motives. Then we have the fearsome and ludicrous prettifying of the service of the Lord's Supper: rolling out silk altar railing kneeling pads, accompanying the ritual with an organ moaning to the strains of "In the Garden" and "Just as I am," skipping essential words of the ritual because "noontime is near" (but never skipping the preacher's sermon). Or if it be baptism, cutting out all the words of the ritual and making jokes about what gender of babe it might be and tying it all up with the ultimate of sentimentalized poor taste—dipping a rosebud into the baptismal font and shaking off drops of water on the head of the unlucky child being baptized.

If Protestant following in this train had a sense of the chasteness of good taste, it would not betray the divine liturgy of the Church with the invasion of sickly sentimentality. The chaste is never sentimental—it is highly critical and rigorous and disciplined. It is concerned with the purity and rightness of its own acts and not some kind of psychological or physical manipulation that is designed to produce certain effects or moods in the congregation. Only those of poor taste worry at all about effects. Those of good taste are concerned only with the integrity of the liturgy itself.

ART YOU DON'T HAVE TO EVEN LOOK AT or THE TRANQUILIZING EFFECT OF CHURCH ART TASTES TODAY

YOU get a funny feeling in Protestant circles today. There is always one way of being certain you are in a Protestant church, whatever the denomination. It is like the "Kilroy was here" signs of a decade ago, and the "Big Brother is watching you" idea. Just change the names to: "Sallman was here" and "Jesus is watching you." Warner Sallman's *Head of Christ* can be found on some wall in nearly every Protestant church, home or office. After all, how can you miss when the church press has produced at least sixty million prints of the thing?

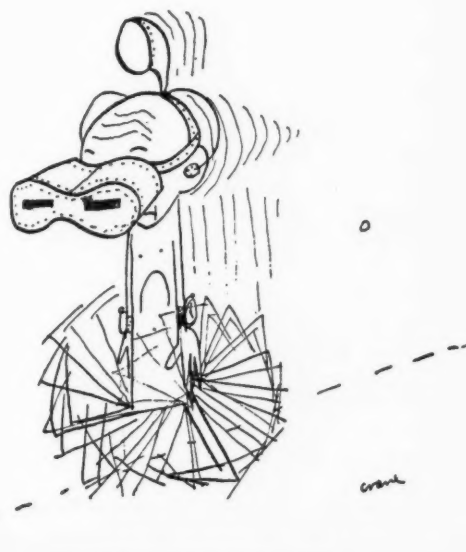
Sixty million prints make a thing pretty available. Being available has a way of influencing public taste. And that is the story of how the Protestants got their icon. "Taste tells."

Our particular taste tells all the way from the nursery-school room to the sanctuary: Sallman's *Head of Christ* is used in monotonous profusion, unrelieved by any change or freshness or difference. It is like a repetitious stamp of approval: always the same. This has gone on until today any child of four, any grade schooler, any teen-ager or college student, any housewife, doctor, busi-

nessman, statesman, grandfather or octogenarian who is a member of a Protestant church can tell you exactly how Christ looks: like Sallman's *Head of Christ*. (One begins to doubt that he had arms and legs, so dominant is the *Head*.) But, you have to admit that this mass-produced reproduction of the sentimental, effeminate face is AVAILABLE.

And in full color with special shadow-lite frame with gold leaf, or better yet, lit from behind. Or there is the handy wallet size for pocket or purse. Be a 100 per cent red-blooded American Protestant . . . get a Sallman's *Head of Christ* reproduction printed on rough-textured paper to simulate the real, bona fide original oil painting. And if it isn't a Sallman, you have several other possibilities: Hoffman, Pusecker, and Christy, none of whom can claim quite the popularity of Sallman, but why quibble—they are equally as maudlin, sentimental and undisturbing to the spiritual consciousness, and they all leave you feeling "just great" with a warm, pink feeling inside. We twentieth-century Americans are nothing if not tranquilized. Every day in every way we are becoming more and more tranquilized. Taste? what's *that*?

TALKING of tastes . . . we turn to Protestant architecture. You pay your money and you have a marvelous choice: pseudo-Gothic or pseudo-Georgian colonial, complete with columns and steeple (probably with a cross on the top). In an age with no taste, it is perhaps after all a



I REALLY HAVE NO TIME FOR ART!

good idea to borrow from the past, even if we do not manage to borrow authentically.

Authenticity has become not a matter of taste or even of feelings but a misnomer. The integrity of artistic relevance in worship through religious art and architecture has become nonexistent. It just isn't. We are not interested in vital, fresh, courageous expressions of our faith through painting, sculpture and architecture which stand up to the highest esthetic standards and manifest the total witness of our Gospel for today, which has an integral and intrinsic connection with the foundations of our Protestant theology. We do not care for nor want a vigorous freedom of artistic expression in our Protestant church life. Nothing pays off like "effect" and manipulation of stock response. We want to *feel* comfortable and happy, we want to canonize: Sallman's *Head of Christ*, pseudo-Gothic spires, pink and blue-draped bearded figures with bright, shining faces who walk in fields of flowers (*David in Bible times*), bulletin covers with outworn, shoddy symbolism of a cross and a lily or an American flag, a Boy Scout and an open Bible. That is what we *want*, it is what we are certainly gorged with, and has nothing to do with either Protestant theology or esthetic taste. It is what makes us *feel good*: tranquilized, you might say.

"CHRISTIAN LITERATURE": WHAT IS IT?

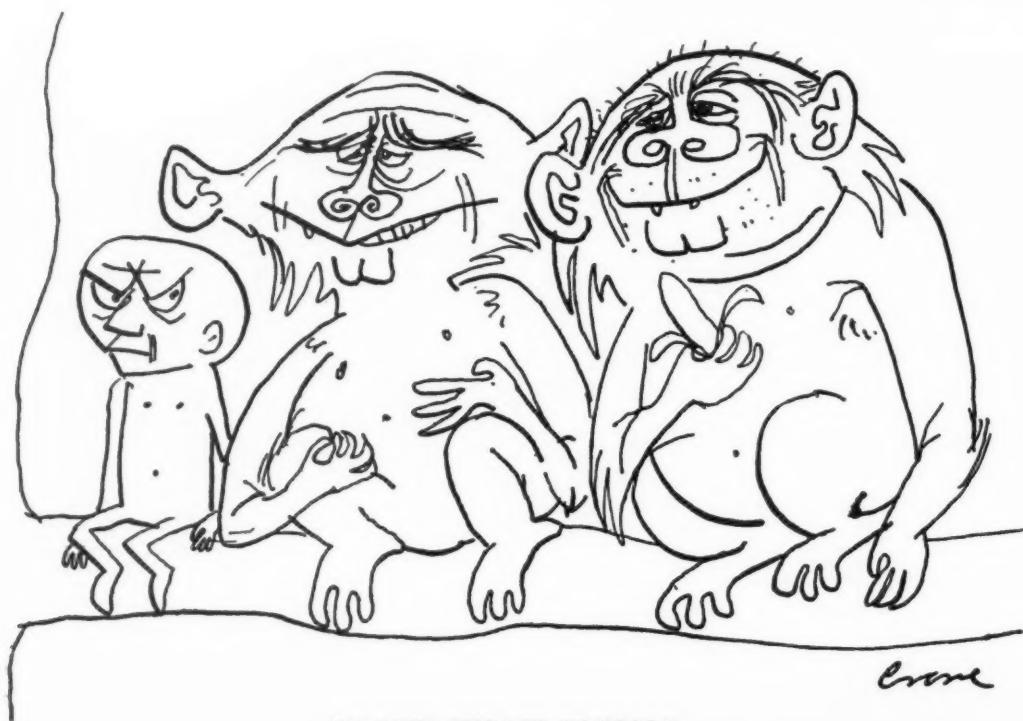
AS in so many other things, Protestantism has identified its literary tastes with the literary tastes of its culture. And as in numerous other cases, this has led to disastrous implications.

Protestantism can hardly be a part of the *avant-garde*

of literature, as it needs to be in the modern world, because it is too busy lending its seal of approval to those literary elements which are anti-intellectual, conservative, common, stereotyped and mechanical and comprise that vast avenue of commercial writing. Everything from the insipid verse of Edgar Guest to the huge volumes of sermon illustrations "for preachers" (which are a little inferior to the joke books of Joe Laurie, Jr.) is admitted to the Protestant stable.

Protestantism, like the contemporary society it sits with, insists that the reader move quickly, following the aura of sentimental, subrational, rapid-fire prose so that his mental capacities are reduced to about the same level as that of a newsreel audience. And like its contemporary society, Protestantism insists that the reader should get the point quickly and suffer a quick conversion to the idea involved. There is no time for character or plot or symbolism or metaphor in any of the "religious novels" or the church-school "story books" that are distributed to children and adults before the worship hour. This would lend itself to an intellectual detour.

Time and again Protestantism has embarrassed itself in its ignorance of literature. When William Faulkner's *Sanctuary* was written in 1931, it brought forth a storm of protest from the American clergy, especially in the South, for its "lewd" and "pornographic" content. It wasn't until 1950, when Faulkner wrote *Requiem for a Nun* and made it a part of a two-volume work on sin and redemption with *Sanctuary*, that the clergy began to realize that Faulkner was one of many literary artists who was talking about the old verities the church had always reserved



YOU GOTTA LEARN TO CONFORM.

for itself. Of course, Faulkner had won the Nobel Prize for literature the year before and that perhaps had a little to do with altering the opinions of the clergymen.

While a few acceptable literary works, like Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country*, have escaped through Protestant channels, the large part of its "religious fiction" is obviously propagandistic and nonliterary. Stock characters (good or bad, Christians or God-haters, nice people or debauchees), stock plots and the final triumph of the clergyman over the alcoholic or of the young Roman soldier over his atheism are the acceptable patterns.

WHEN a literary effort is directed into some area where the church is concerned, Protestantism hardly knows what to do with it. When Robert Penn Warren writes about sex or when Arthur Miller writes about

economics or when William Faulkner writes about race or when Ernest Hemingway writes about war, Protestants hardly know which way to run. The subtle, indirect, artistic method usually escapes them. What they crave is evident conflict, straightforward narrative and a romantic ending with God getting the credit in the hero's last speech. If a writer fails to draw the obvious moral, Protestants are both indignant and puzzled.

Meanwhile, they realize the necessity of literature in their own work. Thus, many denominational publishing houses offer huge prizes for the "best religious novel" or "the best novel with a religious moral."

So Protestants are confused. They do not know the difference between good literature and bad literature so they can't know what is "Christian literature." It is a matter of critical taste. And, obviously. . . .

WHERE IS BLACK AND WHERE IS WHITE ?

AUBREY W. WILLIAMS AND SENATOR LYNDON JOHNSON DEBATE JURY TRIAL ISSUE

TWO conflicting views of the jury trial issue were brought into sharp focus by an exchange of letters between two Southerners, Aubrey W. Williams of Montgomery, Alabama, president of the Southern Conference Educational Fund, Inc., and Senator Lyndon Johnson of Texas, Majority Leader of the Senate.

Dear Aubrey:

We have been friends for many years. On the basis of that friendship, I am presuming to tell you frankly that I believe you are working yourself into an untenable position.

It is a simple matter to take hard-and-fast positions on essentially complicated questions. Certainly, there will be many—on both sides of the issue—who will be tempted to do so for reasons not altogether unrelated to personal advantage. I do not believe you belong in that category.

There are honest and sincere men whose devotion to the "civil rights cause" cannot be questioned, who are struggling to resolve the intricacies of the issue. They include men of the calibre of Senator Clark of Pennsylvania, Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming and Senator Kefauver of Tennessee. All of them have grave doubts as to the wisdom of abolishing trial by jury through the use of a legal subterfuge.

Aubrey, I tell you quite frankly that I cannot find it in my conscience to juggle with the concept of equity in order to by-pass one of the fundamental concepts of our liberties. Furthermore, I cannot agree with you that we must do so in order to secure an effective guarantee of voting rights. I do not believe that the jury trial and the right to vote are incompatible, and, speaking again as a friend who wishes you well, I believe if you examine all the facts carefully, you will come to the same conclusion.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Lyndon B. Johnson

Dear Lyndon:

. . . I have read carefully everything you wrote and I can see how you justify your position on basis that you will at least get something, and I am not finding fault with you. However, I just do not think you are thinking the thing through to the actual local situations where any civil rights law would have to prove itself.

Let's take a given situation: suppose here in Montgomery a judge should order the registrars to stop their currently dilatory tactics and proceed to register Negroes with reasonable dispatch and a proper consideration for their convenience, as they now do in the case of any white person who applies. And suppose the judge, finding at a later date that the registrars had not obeyed his order but were continuing their delaying and obstructing tactics, proceeded to find them in contempt, now what I would like to ask is, would such registrars be able under your amendment to demand and be entitled to have a jury trial? If they would, then you can pass civil rights bills until you are blue in the face and you will not help Negroes in Montgomery, Alabama, get the right to vote.

Lyndon, my dear fellow, let's don't kid ourselves, this "jury trial" idea is sprung as a defeating move. No Southern state has ever had such, it is only now as our good friends from these deep South states see this thing coming down on them that they spring this. It was a clever stratagem but it should be seen for what it is and disowned and fought for that reason.

With warm personal regards,

Sincerely,
(Signed) Aubrey W. Williams

THE DESERT: *four poems*

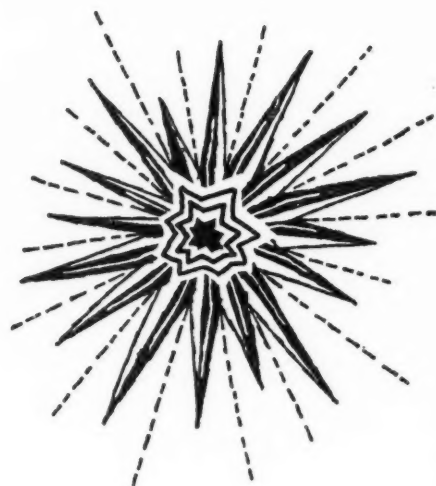
domino

They are testing a bomb tonight
Out on the desert.

The flash catches Pierrot
As, on the avenue, his hand
Makes contact happily.
He plays the game of touching
Every other tree.

The flash has caught him very gracefully.
There goes half the world. *Tampis.*

—PIERRE HENRI DELATTRE



the rain runs mad in evening

The rain, the rain, the unfamiliar stain,
Watch it creep upon the dry horizon fire
And hear the wind go moaning like the lyre
Of bathing Zeus in our black vortex sky;
We can feel it stealing toward the house,
O feel the boards that bend and cry.

The rain, rain runs mad in evening,
It breaks into the plain in booming dust,
A sinking funnel that must clean us down anew;
It spirals on to make us cringe and know
There is no diety in that old maverick juice,
That it is only stallion-strong and god-loose.

—WILLIAM HARRISON



the middle ages

We call the old cypress lakes "swamps" and
"stagnant fens,"
But we forget that, at least, the cypress
forests had their roots in water.
Here we have only cactus groves on a desert
plain
And tumbleweed blown by hot, dry winds.
If only there were the sound of thunder and
the smell of rain!

—FINLEY EVERSOLE

another metamorphosis

They would come out here
to stretch and yawn and run
and cry the land-loud laugh of fun,
to burn their backs ray-red and fight,

And break the sun-speared desert down to black,
to make the cattle jerk and bawl on wind-bit days,
and just to get away from mouth-mazed cities.

It was good then: break-down, hoe-down
Yell ki-ya, ki-ya, ki-ya-hoo O hell,

But they have stopped coming: shanties now
and day-dead prairie and a skinny cow.
They come out here to test their bombs sometimes,
to drive their slender cars across the eve-cold night
and curse the fall-out heat.

—WILLIAM HARRISON

introduction to an artist:

HERI BERT BARTSCHT

BY MRS. DOWNING THOMAS

Photos by Shel Hershorn

HERI BERT BARTSCHT describes the sculptor as a "priest." He explains what he means by "priest" by describing the way in which he himself works. "When I am working," he says, "I am alone—I even want to shut everyone out. But I am hoping I am working with, if you want to call it, divine inspiration, and I am having always in my mind that a viewer will see the finished work and will understand something of what I am trying to say." Bartscht sees the sculptor, then, as a mediator, a receiver of revelation which he communicates to others.

The man who holds these views is a tall, thirty-eight-year-old refugee from Russian-occupied Germany. Although, he says, there have been "architecturally inclined" members of his family, he is the first creative artist. As a child of seven or eight he whittled his first work, a nativity set, and at the age of twelve received his first set of carving chisels, deciding then seriously to become a sculptor.

The war interrupted his training after Humanistisch Gymnasium and one year of stone-carving school. He was drafted into the armored division, and during the bitter winter of 1941 in Russia his legs were frostbitten. This injury prevented his going with his company to the terrible debacle of Stalingrad. During his six years in the army, however, he carried a small set of chisels with him and continued to whittle and carve.

After the war, now a refugee from his native Breslau,



MOSES

his early works destroyed by the Russians, he spent one year at the wood-carving schools in Garmisch Partenkirchen improving his craftsmanship while waiting for the Academy of Fine Arts in Munich to reopen. "These wood-carving schools," he explains, "are entirely training places for craftsmanship. The greatest emphasis is put on learning how to use the different chisels properly. We had a set of ninety chisels with which to learn, although today I am using only four to six chisels for figures in any size. For practice in handling, and correct selection of the tools, we had to copy ornaments of the gothic, baroque and rococco styles." Subsequently, having shown not only a craftsman's but an artist's ability, he studied for twelve semesters at the academy, first with Professor Wackerle and later with Professor Henselmann. After his sixth semester he became a "Meisterschueler," an honor reserved for perhaps one tenth of each class.

IN 1952, Bartscht and his wife, who is a dress designer, came to this country, and after a year in Los Angeles settled in Dallas. They bought a rambling house, converting one room into a sewing studio for Mrs. Bartscht and another into the sculptor's studio. Bartscht's figures—a Madonna and Child, a graceful stalking cat, a dancing girl, a John the Baptist—as well as his paintings and mosaics, decorate the house and garden.

Following logically from his belief that the sculptor is a priest is Bartscht's insistence that art must have a "message." It is an essential characteristic of a work of art, he believes, that it have a "spiritual substance, the expression of a philosophy of its creator." He is critical of much modern art because it lacks just this quality. "Many modern artists," he says, "may deny the imposing idea that a work of art has to hold a message. The concept of 'art for art's sake' rather than 'art's mission to serve' is very popular. The same tendency has led art to shallowness and playfulness, which strike the public as amusing, but also as absurd. This has pushed art off its original honor place in the center of public life to the extreme periphery of public interest where only a small group of experts is concerned with it."

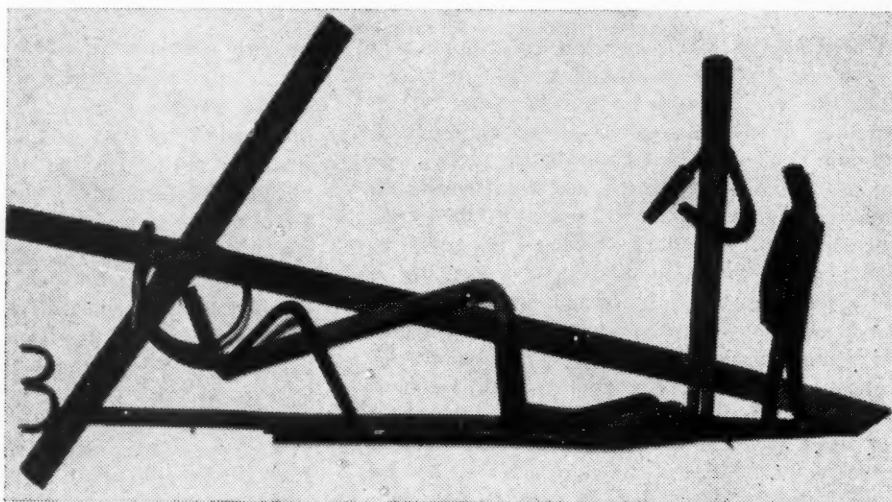
Sculpture he regards as a "severe" art, that is, an art difficult to master. Comparing sculpture with painting, in which he is also proficient, Bartscht points out that the sculptor, instead of colors, uses light and shadow. It is by arranging the surfaces of a work with the aid of light and shadow that he achieves the form which so often tempts us to touch a piece of sculpture. In addition to working with light and shadow, Bartscht explains, the sculptor must understand and use the characteristics peculiar to each material in which he works, whether wood, metal or stone.

BARTSCHT prefers wood for the expression of his ideas. "Wood," he says, "is a very versatile and expressive mate-

I determine the motive. The execution of an idea can be influenced by the shape of the trunk. I may use certain knots, cracks or deformities to my advantage—or I may have to avoid them. If I work with a preconceived idea I will select a flawless piece of wood. In my compositions I try to preserve the feeling of the original shape of the trunk. Although the figure may require deep hollows and recesses I place the protruding points carefully to this aim. Gradually, as I am working, the form becomes liberated from the wooden block. I use every opportunity to break all the way through, thus the light coming from the back will emphasize the fore. The axe is my most important tool to keep the form uncluttered. The grain of the wood often can enhance the composition. The finish of a wood carving should not be done artificially or deliberately. I do not mind to have the chisel marks of the first approach showing if they are not distracting."

Among several other materials Bartscht also uses stone, metal and cast stone. "Stone demands to be kept as a closed block and to be treated on the surface only. Bronze design has its origin in the clay model. To work in clay does not require much discipline (except in the proper use for terra cotta). However, in making use of the self-sustaining properties of the metal and the possibilities of effective surface treatment there have been achieved art works of great quality."

Bartscht feels that sculpture and architecture are interdependent. "Therefore, it is my opinion," he says, "an especially gratifying task for the sculptor to work together with the architect. In combination with architecture,



3rd Station of the Cross

rial for the sculptor. In comparison to metal or stone, wood comes from a living thing and consequently is closer to our human emotions. A human being can observe the growth and sometimes the lifespan of a tree. Man's existence through the ages depended on wood for its many practical uses. Naturally it stimulated artistic expressions. Working with wood requires knowledge and discipline. When I have a block of wood in my studio I look at it again and again—sometimes for months—before

sculpture finds a harmony and a belonging. Whether we consider a relief on the wall to accentuate its surface, a fountain in front of a home or in the patio, or a statue in the garden, a good sculpture, designed for a certain place combined with the use of the right materials, will always influence its surroundings to advantage."

ALTHOUGH the majority of Bartscht's work has consciously Christian themes, he does not think a work must

motive

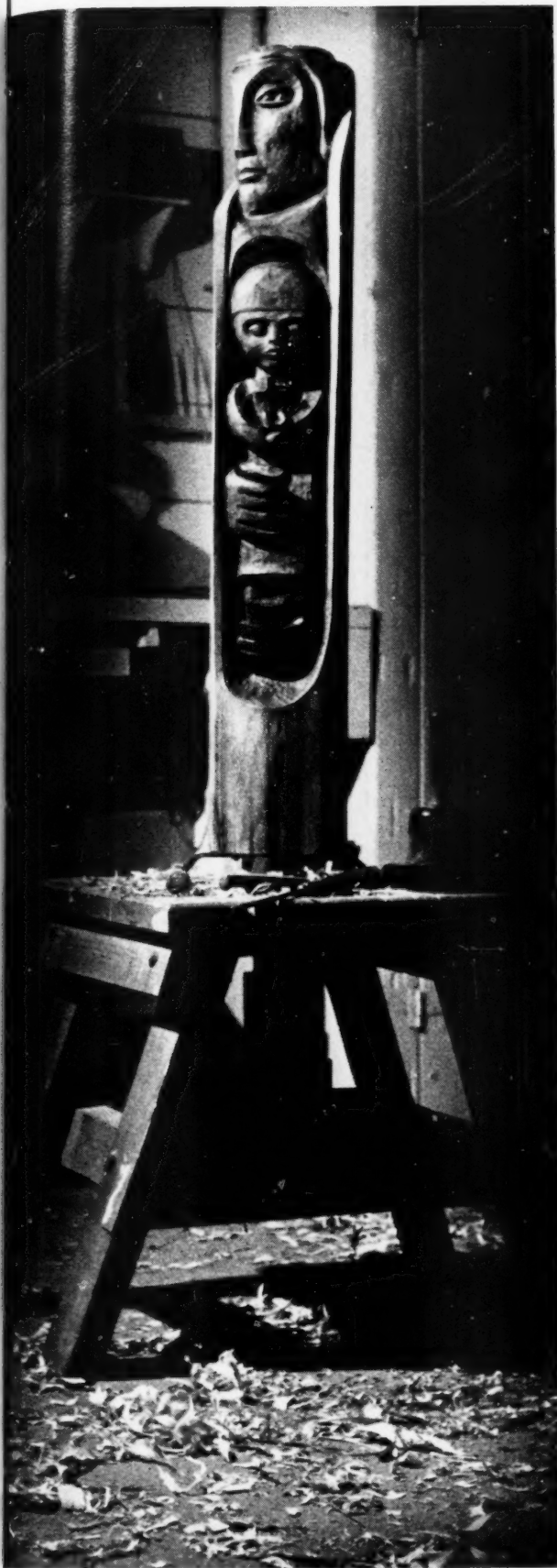
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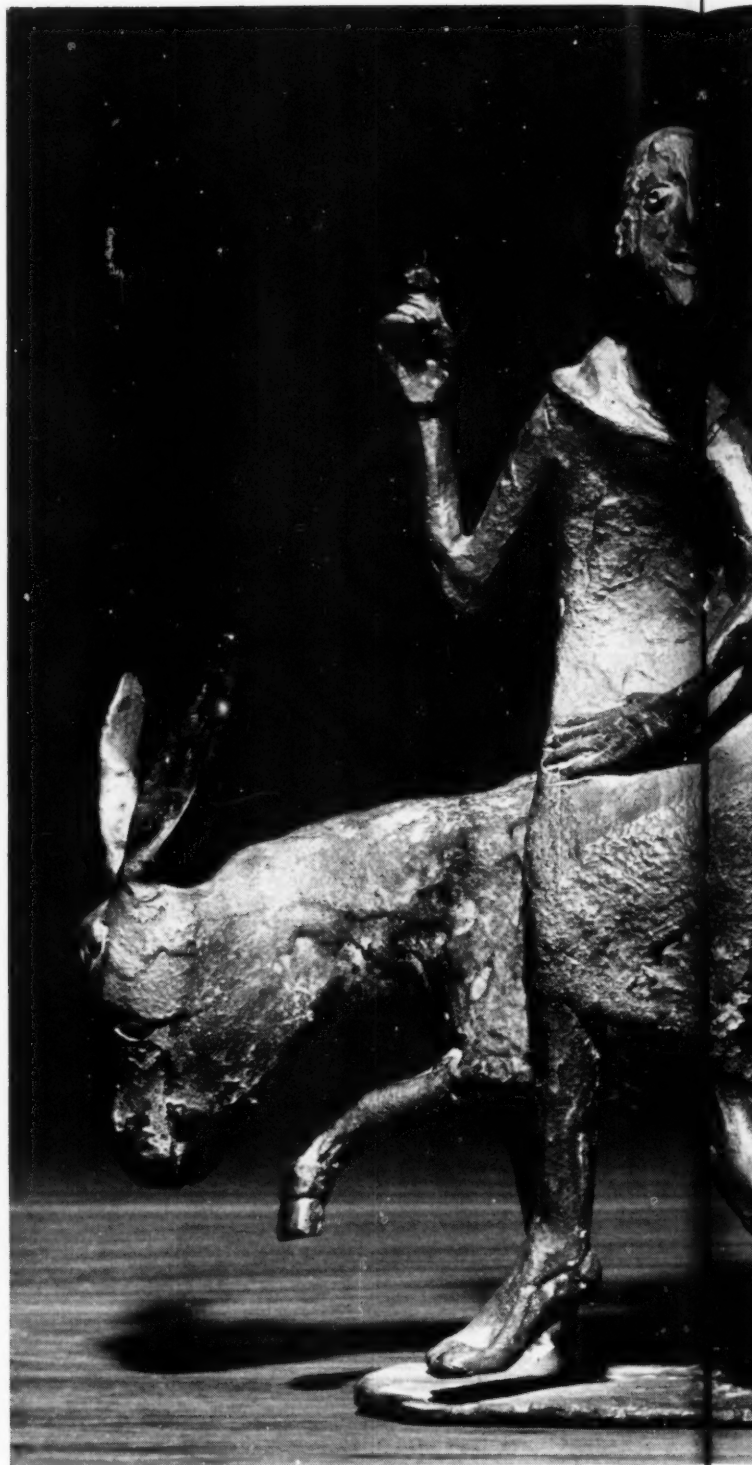
have a specifically religious subject to convey a religious meaning. He tells the story of a woman who rented one of his "nonreligious" pieces from the loan department of the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, and subsequently asked, without knowing anything more of his work, to see some of his "religious" sculpture. "She understood," he says, "what I was trying to say." Bartscht believes that, for her, he had succeeded in his role as a sculptor.



ANNUNCIATION



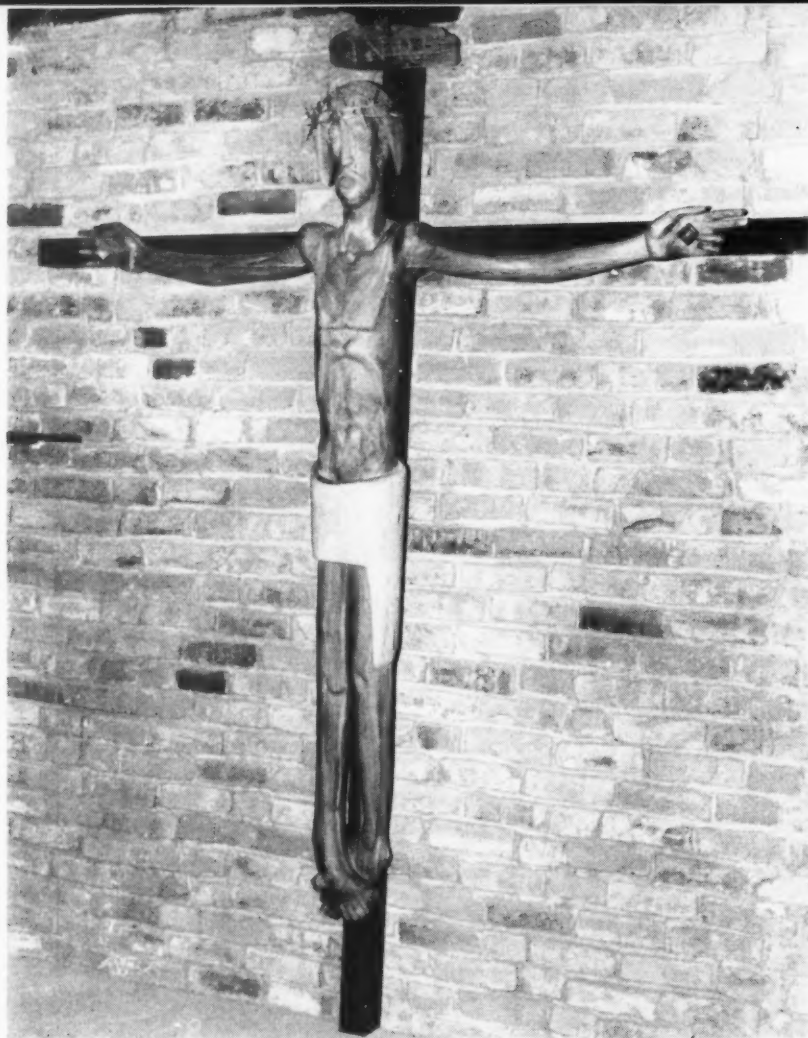
SAINT FRANCIS



PALM SUNDAY



SAINT SEBASTIAN



CRUCIFIXION

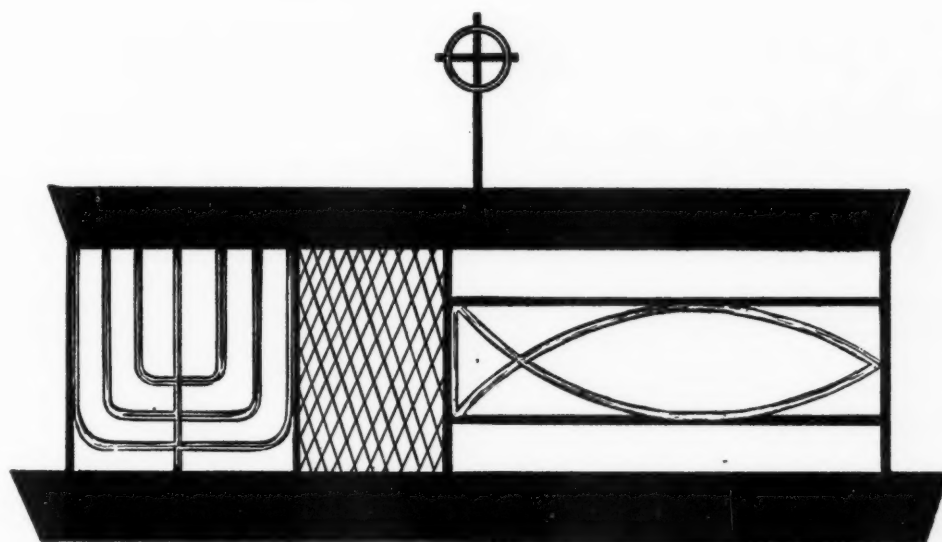
SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST



Ever since moving into their new office building in 1952, the staff and other employees of the Methodist Board of Education have dreamed of something other than makeshift appointments for the regular worship services.

Because of the demands of space no room could be provided solely for chapel purposes. It was felt, however, that one of the large committee rooms could serve a dual function: board meetings and regular worship. For the purposes of worship it was necessary to design appointments which were movable and yet had all the dignity required for signs of religious intention.

Early in August, 1957, the new appointments for worship were dedicated. They were designed by *motive's* artist, Margaret Rigg. Roger Ortmayer, *motive's* editor, attempted to interpret the design of the altar-table and the lectern at the dedicatory service. The text of his message is printed along with Miss Rigg's drawings of these articles and their signs.



A NONVERBAL LANGUAGE

"Why do you speak in parables?" the disciples asked the Master. And he answered them in part, quoting Isaiah, "For this people's heart has grown dull, and their ears are heavy of hearing, and their eyes they have closed."

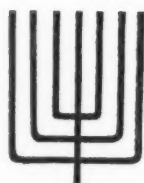
As Christians commissioned to proclaim the gospel to every creature, our task is to confront man in his total situation. This is man not separated from the world but in his environment; man not as we would like him to be but as he is; man in his secret anthropology, what he looks like in the eyes of his imagination, his image of

the cosmos about him. We must speak in the native tongue of the twentieth century with a metaphor violent enough to stir dull hearts and heavy ears, to open closed eyes.

When we are called to speak, we think of the decisive metaphor of biblical proclamation: "The Word." To preach the Word, to hear the Word, to witness the Word, to be called by the Word—this seems to us to be a rather obvious kind of symbolism—the articulated sound, produced by my vocal organs and falling on your ears. But this does not exhaust the biblical meaning of the Word—in fact, it hardly moves up to it, even if

we start to explore the wondrous labyrinth of word symbols. The Word, as Gospel, goes far beyond the feeble shorthand of language. The Word is the Incarnation. The Word is the Life. It is also the Death and Resurrection. The Word is the event which is Jesus Christ. . . . It is the symbol, the parable of salvation.

As we gather for worship, our sacrifice and offering must reach more significant levels than those which our feeble words alone can form. We must also see the signs that point to the symbols of the drama. And we must ourselves re-enact the momentous



events which have revealed the God in Christ who is as he does.

So when we considered the requirements of this room for worship, we immediately knew that we could not do with a lectern alone—for this preacher, or any preacher, be he Savonarola or Augustine, could only be a flagging and tentative, a partial kind of word—and we could not really say that The Word in its fullness would be preached.

So we have a Table-Altar. It is not an altar bolted, sarcophagus-like to the liturgical east. In it are buried no bones of the saints nor on it is laid any body for sacrifice. This is a table through which we can see—it is free and movable. But it is the Lord's Table, and is so designed that it can be used for no purpose other than that of worship.

I said that we must speak the tongue of the twentieth century—symbolically we have attempted so to speak. This is a table constructed of black iron, brass and plastic. These are twentieth-century materials. We have used them honestly, not trying to disguise them as something which they are not. They are themselves in the image of the amazing technology of the twentieth century . . . the time when a man can go faster than a bullet fired at him from the muzzle of a .45 caliber pistol. The average speed of Major John H. Glenn, in setting the new cross-continent speed record, was 726.48 while that of the .45 bullet is but 586 miles an hour at the muzzle.

You may recall Ott Romney's comment:

Since we travel by jet, the impression we get is that things are decidedly humming.

When we land on the ground, since we're faster than sound—

We can listen and hear ourselves coming. . . .

It is required that we be contem-

porary, not capricious. We have no other choice. The colors used are themselves highly symbolic of the drama—the golden glow of brass, like that of light, and the absorbent pull of black—light and dark, earth and the heaven, the creation and the Creator.

The Word, which is our salvation, is a transaction in history. The Truth of Christianity is not propositional—it is not a set of truths which, as philosophers or critics we seek to find and then to relate to our lives. Rather, Christianity is an act, a relation to and with. Our Bible speaks of the act in terms of the Old Covenant, or the Old Testament, and the New Covenant, or the New Testament. It is the tradition we identify as Judeo-Christian. So in our altar-table we have given signs which point to the symbols of God's mighty acts in history, both old and new.

The seven-branch candlestick points to the life of Judaism. As you go to a Jewish synagogue, whether it be Reformed, Conservative or Orthodox, you will find it identified by the seven-branch candlestick, known as the *Menorah*. In rabbinic times it became identified with the worship of Abraham and Isaac for various reasons: seven is considered to be the perfect number, the seven lights of the Holy Place, the seven days of creation, the seven continents, the seven planets, and according to ancient Jewish cosmology, the seven separated heavens. And, as the Old Covenant is not discarded like an old garment when the New Covenant is enacted, so the symbol of the *Menorah* becomes the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit, spoken of in Revelation and among certain Catholic communions, stands pre-eminently for the Church.

Between the time of the closing of the Old Testament canon and the first of the New Testament works is a lengthy period known as Inter-Testamental times. During those years were written the books of the O. T. Apocrypha, or the "hidden books" as St. Jerome tagged them. If you could find a King James Version of the Bible printed before 1828, it would probably have these apocryphal books included, as in all likelihood so would your

church's pulpit Bible today. The black grid separating the *Menorah* from the *Piscus*, or Fish, points to that time, so much back in our thinking with the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

The New Covenant sign we chose is the Fish. This strange sign was one of the earliest to appear among Christians. It comes from the earliest days of the Church when it was required of Christians that they resort to secret signs to identify themselves and point to their places of worship. The Fish came about from a rather intricate association. The Greek word for fish is pronounced *ichthus*. The first letter for each of the Greek words *Yasous Christos Theou Hyos Soter*, standing for "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior," forms the word for fish. It was difficult to understand, and thereby precious as protection for Christians. While the single fish points to Christ, several fishes stand for the Church, or faithful Christians—"Follow me, and I will



motive



make you fishers of men." The whole story of the Hebrew cosmology and the meaning of water in it is a fascinating one, and the Church as the ark, or boat, and the saved ones the fishes taken from the evil waters is a recurring theme.

The Latin Cross is, of course, the pre-eminent sign of Christendom. It is the cross on which Jesus of Nazareth is traditionally considered to have been crucified. The cross is the oldest of signs, found in almost every culture of which we have record. The straight vertical line is the God-line—God's oneness, his power descending upon mankind from above, or, in the opposite direction, man's yearning for higher things. The horizontal stroke is the earth mark. In its stroke we see the earth in which life is generated and flows evenly. The two, God and earth, come together. It is the together relation, the Covenant, which is the mark of Christendom, culminating in the event of the Incarnation. To the Latin Cross we have added a circle in brass—a modification of a living Church sign known as the Cross of Iona or the Celtic Cross. It was developed by the Church in its evangelistic life, the earliest example being found on the Isle of Iona in western Scotland where Irish missions first came. Today, incidentally, it is the center of one of the most stirring contemporary revivals in the Church. The circle is the emblem of eternity of which the channel is the living Church.

Built ingeniously into the lectern is the Chi Rho. It is the earliest Christmon, i.e., monogram, used with reference to Christ. The word "Christ," when spelled in ancient Greek capital letters, took the form of XPICTOC—with the abbreviation using the first two letters, the Chi, similar to our X, and Rho, something like our P. We have used an interesting variant by fully integrating the two letters.

The eyes that see are the eyes that see reality both in and beyond our signs and images. They bring the symbols of God into our vision. The sign of the Cross points to the symbol of the Cross, a mystery which we can but touch, so far is it beyond our feeble comprehension. These signs and images exist with us and we are confronted by them. Some of them seem to cling to us; they have a lasting visibility, even in the earthly material. Some seem to tolerate, as Buber says, "no other sanctuary than that of the soul."

It is required of us that we shall learn, in addition to our words, a non-verbal language of communication—the language of analogy, allegory and dramatic re-enactment—that is, the

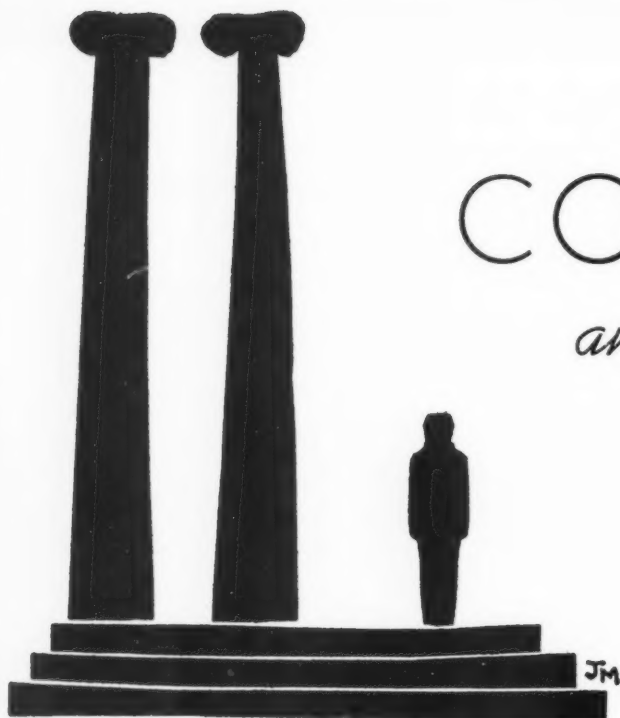


language of the Incarnation—God among us. This new furniture is a witness, I am convinced, that within the Church we are aware of God's being born into our world, and we celebrate it with the sacred poetry that clings to the ancient signs and have now rebuilt them into the living structures of mid-twentieth century. And this itself is a wondrous sign of the everlasting vitality of the Word.



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CONFLICT

and experience

BY JERRY ROSE

WHILE PRESIDENT OF THE INTERFRATERNITY COUNCIL AT DEPAUW UNIVERSITY, GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, JERRY ROSE WAS ASKED TO MAKE SOME REMARKS TO THE INCOMING CLASS OF FRESHMEN. THIS IS WHAT HE SAID.

AS college students we rise and fall on the tide of conflicts—a treasury of experiences from which we emerge confident and thoughtful. Experiences such as spent hours in registration; the first penetrating look at a genuine college coed—actually alive and moving in the college community (marriage mart?); the timid approach to the first date: all these, as well as scholarly pursuits, are neatly stored away in a treasury of memories.

Some of these experiences are certainly lighter, more vivid than others; some tense. But what are their relative values? Scholarship is an area in which conflicts, both large and small, present themselves. One experience of last year represents what is sometimes thought of as a conflict between an instructor and a student; it is known in lower scholastic circles as an "exam!" This one was an hour-long trial in accounting.

In my perpetual eight o'clock alertness, I copied an extra zero from the basic figures given on the test sheet. Never had *nothing* meant so much! Naturally, the final figures were sig-

nificantly different from the correct answers. The test paper returned with red markings sufficient for the entire semester's work. I was disappointed.

THIS experience proved itself to be one of the more penetrating type. The situation, itself, was continuously poking itself into my thoughts. I was irritated at myself, the course, and the professor. I was soured on everything and everyone. This must have been conveyed to other people.

At the time, I was dating one of those sweet young things on the campus. I noticed in our conversations that she never suggested any of the problems which pop up in the daily course of living. She had a way of rising above them. Disappointment was an apparent stranger to her.

One evening, upon returning home from a date, I found a small card in my pocket—a card bearing an inscription boldly typed on its face. Evidently it had been slipped in my pocket during the evening. Inquiringly, I read it.

"There are no disappointments to

those whose wills are buried in the will of God."

F. W. Faber

I FROWNED. What did it mean? I had mentioned something about the misplaced zero several days ago. As far as I was concerned, my experience, my conflict, had placed me in a deep hole out of which I could hardly see. It surely must have shown in all my actions. A young lady, a card, a thoughtful verse, were lifting my vision.

Now, what was the value of that experience? A minor daily conflict had partially clouded my thought, my will, even my belief. I had temporarily overlooked that there is Someone, Something behind, above and beyond the petty conflicts which are, in the long run, of value to us all, but which are only experiences in a larger treasury of living if we develop the perspective to see it that way. We grow through conflicts well handled. In the long run, "there are no disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God."

Today's generation of undergraduates—the generation which in two decades will provide the country's political, cultural and industrial leadership—has been variously called “lost,” “found,” and merely “baffling.” In an attempt to find a better answer NATION magazine turned to the men who know the undergraduate student best: the teachers. They asked: “Who are the leading intellectual, artistic, and ethical influences on the present generation of students? Who, in other words, are the successors in the undergraduate court of ultimate appeal to H. L. Mencken, Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, James Branch Cabell, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, John Dos Passos, George Bernard Shaw, Eugene O'Neill, etc.?”

Sixteen distinguished professors wrote their answers to these questions.

motive is grateful to NATION magazine for the opportunity to share four of the answers with its readers.

THE CAREFUL YOUNG MEN

reprinted from NATION magazine

STANFORD

By Wallace Stegner

Director of the Writing Program at
Stanford University

I WOULD NOT pretend to know or understand “the American undergraduate.” But I have worked quite closely with a certain number of undergraduates for a good many years. If what I think I know of them does not constitute a generalization, it may perhaps contribute to one.

One is asked, Who are their heroes? Who among poets, politicians, thinkers, novelists, give them their intellectual and emotional stance? What minds are their sources of light and heat? Who has replaced the opinion-makers and the literary messiahs of the twenties and thirties? But as far as one can see there is no agreement on any such leaders, there is no figure or school to which large numbers give belief or the compliment of imitation.

It is not impossible to find out whom undergraduates read and admire. Contrary to some opinion, many of them do read and some of them admire. But they do not admire in pack; it would be hard to be more eclectic than the undergraduates I know.

Sartre? Camus? Kierkegaard? A glimmer of interest, nothing signifi-

cant. For what the note is worth, Camus seems more admired than Sartre. Marx? Hardly. Freud? Though the influence is pervasive and persistent, and never clearer than when Freud is being attacked, there is little of the delighted sense of discovery apparent in the undergraduate view; it seems pretty blasé, really. Jung? I have known it to happen that a dedicated Jungian, his lips touched with a live coal and his mind rearranged into a mandala, arises within the undergraduate body. But his greeting is something between incredulity and scorn. It would seem that though Jung can inspire disciples among undergraduates, he has hardly brought forth a new church.

Of contemporary poets, only Eliot seems to arouse enthusiasm in students I know, and he as much for his criticism as for his poems. Wallace Stevens has followers, but not enough of them to take a city. In these West Coast parts I do not hear much talk of the Agrarians or their descendants. And one is as likely to find an admirer of pragmatic reasonableness—of Jacques Barzun, let us say—as of any of the Cains or Christs of literature. Where Hemingway was once imitated by one out of every two college sophomores, one now hears scornful com-

ment on the unseemly elements in the Hemingway myth; and Joyce, who once bred fierce devotees, breeds them no longer: the Lucifer pose is rather bad taste.

OF ALL contemporary writers, Faulkner is the only one who among the students I know has a real following, something of a cult. Yet the followers do not emulate him as I and my fellows aped Joyce or Hemingway in the twenties. They are not so naïve as we were, by a long way, and can see at once the dangers of imitating a style so personal and with so many excesses. The Faulkner cult read Faulkner, I think, for his “myths,” for his symbolic and allegorical underlayers. They play the guessing games and solve the puzzles he sets them, and in this they seem to me to echo the times, and to have more actually in common with Faulkner's proliferating critics than with Faulkner.

Occasionally a student, generally a superior one, admits some intellectual guru. One I know is devoted to Ortega y Gasset, and quotes two sentences which he says he keeps pasted up in his mind. One says, “Every life has to be dedicated to something, to enterprise great or small.” The other says, “The great discovery of Romanticism

was that life is, primarily and above all else, its own internal problem."

This student seems to me unlike many of his fellows: he not only *has* a dedication, but he admits it. But he is absolutely at one with the majority in insisting that the internal problem is the essential one.

For if many undergraduates acknowledge no heroes, profess only lukewarm admirations, shun causes, are suspicious of joinings and flinch from commitments, I do not think they act either from cynicism or frivolity. Pressed to name writers who have influenced them, they will name, with a grin, Shakespeare and Dostoevsky, Conrad and Henry James, Chekov and Mark Twain—all distant and safe. This is not cynicism and not dullness, but the most alert caution. Something in the climate of opinion and action within which these young people have grown up has made many of them what I can only call "goal-keepers." They lie at the mouths of their private burrows, watchful and

feel something! Get enthusiastic about something, plunge, go boom, look alive!" The response may vary: anger (controlled) at the professorial intrusion, embarrassment at the crude expression of a violent feeling, or perhaps sarcastic comments on the delightful results of enthusiasm under Hitler, or the fine product of commitment to Marx or any of the other causes and shibboleths of their parents' time.

ONE DOES NOT generalize, except with a caution one could learn from the undergraduate, but the watchfulness I have described is common enough to be easily verified. The rather frequent undergraduate who shuns causes, heroes, joinings, commitments—and most forms of public notice—acts like a man who has been hurt and wants not to be hurt more. As he does not follow heroes, he would not be one if he could. His problem is within, and he will solve it himself. He seems to me very lonely, and he

many periods of the world's history have demonstrated the same caution and taken for their motto some variant of the *nil admirari* of Augustan England. It is one way of playing the game, and it has its own moral basis, which comes less from single leaders than from the *Zeitgeist*.

WAYNE STATE

By Charles Shapiro

Instructor in English and the Humanities at Wayne State University (Detroit)

WAYNE IS A public college in an industrial city. It is a commonplace that if your folks have money you go to the University of Michigan; if not, you go to Wayne. A goodly proportion of the Wayne students hold part- or full-time jobs, and so it would seem that here, at a workingman's school, there would be little desire to imitate the social evils of a Big Ten university. Yet the pitiful housing decorations during Homecoming, and such ridiculous events as fraternity wheel-barrow races, indicate that too many students are desperately trying to be part of a way of life which should be alien to them. Like students at more high-powered universities, Wayne undergrads seem to want to divorce their lives from their education.

The gap between American life and the American student is, too often, a pleasant one, resulting in professors more interested in entertaining than teaching, and a placid atmosphere of compliance and agreement. The better students, however, are aware of the dull conformity, and register their private protests by retiring into themselves or by reinforcing their sense of difference with cursory readings of the existentialists, preferably in the more palatable form of the novel. One of the more admired of the intellectual leaders speaks highly of Camus: "He taught me to be indifferent."

The literary universe has provided no true spokesmen for the thinking student in the way that Hemingway, Fitzgerald and Lewis captured an attitude towards America which was recognized and shared. And there is



suspicious, and they warn potential intruders away from their privacy. Perhaps Riesman is right, and they grow more and more other-directed; and yet I have found them often with an irritable, even exacerbated, independence.

They are hard to smoke out. Sometimes a professor is baited into protest by the rows and circles of their closed, watchful, apparently apathetic faces, and says in effect, "My God,

has learned loneliness, as he learned caution, from his *Zeitgeist*. The *Zeitgeist* is all he listens to—seldom to heroes—and what he guards is his own goal. He may not score but he is certain, while he plays the game this way, not to be scored on.

And if I am inclined, as I sometimes am, to disparage this attitude as dull, faint-hearted and unproductive, I am reminded that it is also self-reliant and sane. And I am reminded that

no modern substitute for that little green badge of protest, the cover of the *American Mercury*. So there are no novelists (Saul Bellow and others who should be loved are either ignored or scorned as special pleaders); there are no Menckens; there are no magazines; and the world of enthusiastic ideas, with its questioning vigor which should be the first gift of the college to the student, has been stolen away. It is small wonder that our good, often brilliant, students live peepless lives of cynicism and tolerance.

There is, of course, the usual group of poets and writers, once bohemian, now softened in their protesting and their radicalism. Laughed at by the rest of the campus, they are bound together by their aloneness, an isolation often caused by personal rather than intellectual troubles. Their writing is atrociously inept, and for a good reason: their subject matter is usually far removed from their experiences. Living in a factory city, many being members of minority groups (Negro, Jewish or, particularly in Detroit, Polish) the stuff for their writing is all

why loaf at home or travel when one can loaf through college and be with one's friends?"

In class they get along, accepting what their teachers tell them. As to the intellectual influences on them, there really are none. "I never read a book that influenced me." "I guess I was most influenced by Norman Vincent Peale and Lowell Thomas." "The novel which taught me the most was *The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit*. It taught me to slow down for a while, but [sigh] now I'm back in the groove again."

Repeatedly I find students suspicious and vaguely angered by what they term "phony intellectuals." When pinned down, the epithet refers "to someone with an inferiority complex who is always in the library" or "someone who is unhappy and is going to get into trouble one of these days." The average student is certain of several things. He's not a phony, he's happy and he's ahead of the game.

Why should the splendid minds, with such fine potentiality, seem so unenthusiastic? Why should the creative talents seem so moribund? Why a workingman's college obsessed by rich men's attitudes? And why no voice—novelist, poet, or essayist—that speaks to them, stirs them and is part of their lives?

Part of the blame lies in the colleges themselves. The increasing power and influence of the Schools of Business and Education, with their respective stress on Money and Mediocrity, has left students apathetic and hostile to challenging ideas. All methodology, all courses on how to get along, they adjust their students into blandness. Vaudeville didn't really die. It read Dale Carnegie, bought some stock and marched from the Palace to the lecture platforms of our universities. Oddly enough, there is enough life in the students so that they recognize these courses for what they are; yet, as pragmatists, they take the easy way out. The next generation won't even know they are being fed nonsense by nonentities.

Part of the blame, of course, is shared by the country which, at present, is too content. Television and

the other mass media give the students a steady diet of values which do not lead to much inquiry. There is a widely held belief that a religious revival has hit the campuses; students are supposed to be burning copies of Marx and Freud and returning to the Good Book. However, despite such deplorable gimmicks as "Religious Emphasis Week," it would not be accurate to call this a penetrating, meaningful movement. Campus religious groups, as always, are looked on more as opportunities to meet dates than the Diety.

The day of student action, of petitions, eager discussions and picket lines is long gone. A few scattered Socialist groups remain, and future lawyers know enough to join the Young Democrats or Republicans. But when the campus Socialist group was eliminated last year, just before Academic Freedom week was celebrated on campus, the end of an era was official. Perhaps this is all for the good. In a machine age, with automation almost here, individualism might make the training of so many students a bit difficult. But I can't help feeling, as do many of my colleagues, that we are dooming too many wonderful youngsters to four years of stagnation.

CENTENARY

By John R. Willingham

Associate Professor of English at

THE STUDENTS' VOCATIONAL INVOCATION

Oh mute managerial Muses,
Sitting stiff-lipped in Committee,
We don't ask to be
Battered or fired,
Seasoned or inspired;
We don't seek Wisdom's warmth;
We just want,
Each of us,
A good job.

Jonathan Schwartz
Wayne State University

about. Yet last year, while helping judge the annual writing contest, I was surprised to see the amount of phony, illiterate work submitted.

Perhaps even more horrifying is the picture of the average student. To quote a student friend: "The majority come to college because it is the only thing to do. They can't go to work because if they are male they can't get any decent job, and if they are female they are typed dull and middle-class. The question then arises:



SO MARKED IS the lack of intellectual and artistic leadership that the undergraduate today pores over the works of the twenties as if they were Dead Sea Scrolls transformed by thirty years of sea change into classics rich if no longer strange. The prestige of the writer of "only yesterday" is still very real for today's undergraduate: he approaches them, reverently armed with *explication de texte*, and theories of Freud and Jung. He can trace patterns of imagery deftly, postulate mythical frameworks profoundly and diagnose the psychic wounds of man artist with assurance.

However, I detect the student's profound envy of the undergraduate of the twenties, who thought he and his literary idols had a common cause for rebellion against sexual, moral and artistic taboos of all kinds. Rebellion suggested action, and there were exciting manifestoes to be carried out. But the rebellion of the twenties was carried on so aggressively under the aegis of its literary galaxy that little remains for the youth in the Eisenhower Age to clear away. Nor does he seem particularly interested in social, intellectual or moral "slum clearance." His life is so comfortably patterned after the present-day economic myth that rejection of the pattern has become unthinkable.

Joyce remains something of an undergraduate idol even though *Ulysses* is still essentially the property of graduate students. I think George Orwell and Aldous Huxley have provided a considerable amount of instruction and delight for juniors and seniors, though my impression is that their impact is waning. The poetry and criticism of Eliot and Pound continue to be intriguing, but Dylan Thomas, alone among more recent poets, seems to have caught the undergraduate imagination.

IN THE THIRTIES and forties college students seemed to be leaning toward social and political protest and bardic exaltation of the American tradition. There were unmistakable campus cults of Algren, Steinbeck, Wolfe and Farrell. The war and its



confusing aftermath permitted the resurgence of both Naturalism and democratic idealism in the middle and late forties in the work of Norman Mailer, James Jones and Ross Lockridge, Jr., whose books elicited a real if short-lived campus enthusiasm through the early 1950's. But the students to whom they spoke are now encased in gray flannel suits, and the big postwar novels have been put away with discharge certificates and war souvenirs. Nowadays, undergraduates I talk to outside the classroom speak of the postwar books, if at all, with condescension and boredom. These writers never really competed with the big names of the jazz age.

In the absence of "a lost generation" of writers, the Southern writers have occupied the undergraduate garrison by default. Perhaps this happened because they seemed so ready-made to fit all the canons of neo-orthodoxy, the New Criticism, the house of fiction, etc. The older Southern writers—Faulkner, Katherine Anne Porter and Warren—make heavy demands upon a declining reading ability and thus have lost ground with many of the undergraduates to some of the younger writers.

Reading difficulties do not explain this shift completely: there is also the attraction of getting lost in the miasmas, tarns, tree-houses and hot-houses of a writer like Truman Capote, who certainly is a great undergraduate favorite. One of my colleagues has suggested that the undergraduate today so wistfully seeks a sentimental lostness that he is content to encounter

it in the synthetic, smelly decay of Southern Gothic.

This kind of lostness serves to compensate romantically, I think, for the formidable "foundness" of the all-pervading conservatism in politics, religion and critical precepts. Having discovered that you don't have to go home again if you never really leave the college student enjoys the metamorphosis of his very comfortable home into a decaying Southern mansion of the imagination with secrets too fearful to behold or too ambiguous to spell out clearly. It is entirely possible that, having taught in the South for several years, I exaggerate the peculiar appeal of the Southern writers. But student critical and creative writing in campus literary journals from all over the country indicates that the Southerners are read everywhere.

HOWEVER, all is not darkness on the delta: William Goyen has been enthusiastically "discovered" by some undergraduates; and Mr. Goyen does not like to be called a Southern writer for what I take to be obvious reasons. He and Carson McCullers have both shaped a deep, positive world view even though they have utilized materials of the Southern tradition. Tennessee Williams and Eudora Welty, both of whom have the saving graces of humor and form, are greatly admired. Perhaps in these writers is the germ of a leadership which may give today's student population an authentic voice. This generation ought not to have to subsist entirely on the classics of yesterday or the minor, regional writers of our own tired day.

MICHIGAN

By Allan Seager

University of Michigan

TODAY'S UNDERGRADUATE, so far as I am acquainted with him, is untouched by the work of any writers whose influence can be clearly defined, whom all acknowledge. There is no contemporary Mencken and Hemingway is dead as a model of behavior. No one occupies their seats, nor those of Anderson, Dos Passos or Lewis, and Shaw has become merely quaint. I have sensed a vague hankering for the color and romantic irresponsibility of the twenties.

The junior who has heard of Scott Fitzgerald might like to make a series of brilliant social gestures but he does not know how to go about it. He is, quite unconsciously, deterred by history. The depression and the war made him look away from himself. College has ceased to be a brightly lighted stage where he discovers who he is. It is rather a processing-chamber where, with touching submissiveness, he accepts the remarks of lecturers and the hard sentences of textbooks as directives that will lead him to a job.

There are, I think, reasons for this. First of all, your undergraduate is a member of a generation which believes that the boom since 1940 is the American way of life. He cannot remember anything but prosperity. The depression which frightened his father reaches him through his father's urgent warnings to get himself settled into a good job, which he wants to do anyway because he has been conditioned to believe that he has a right to the "good things" of life. These turn out to be, of course, the big cars and the cashmere overcoats of the advertisers. Thrift, which his father would have heard of, has been replaced by *carpe diem*; and this is not an expression of an Epicurean philosophy, but only the Madison Avenue sales pitch. Few at the age of twenty are sound critics of the society they live in and the others reach for the images of life that are most insistently offered them. Today these are images of luxury.

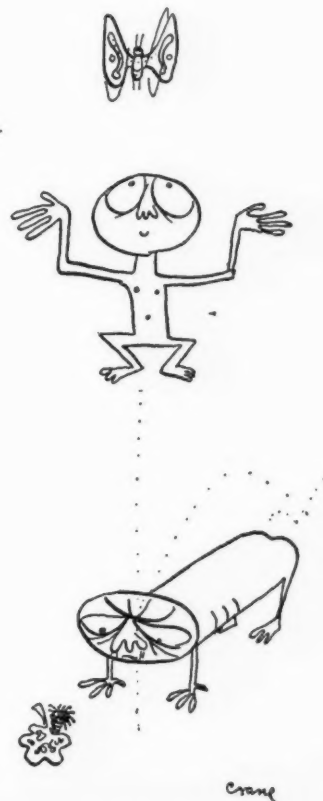
He is also in a big hurry. Military service will, he believes, waste two years of his youth. (I have yet to see any student who thinks he will benefit by his training in the armed forces.) This would be enough to keep him from dawdling, from going to Europe on a cattle-boat or sampling one job after another as people did in the twenties. But added to this is fear. He seems to take this fear so much for granted that it is hard for him to be articulate about it. "War" and "the bomb" are the words that eventually come out of any discussion and he says he wants to get some living done before anything happens.

It is extremely interesting, perhaps encouraging, that the living he wants to do is not self-indulgent. He is eager to break into the accepted social pattern of marriage and a career. Since these are the accepted patterns, he naturally believes they are the right ones and he can be awfully pompous about his future. I have seen many undergraduate marriages go on the rocks because they were begun too early.

FURTHER, like most of the high-school graduates of the last twenty-five years, he has been submitted to Progressive Education in one of its many strengths or dilutions. Without discussing its intentions or its methods, I can say that the majority of these graduates arrive in college with hardly any background in literature, history or philosophy and many of them find simple prose almost illegible. Television and the comic book probably add to the difficulty. Now the old *American Mercury* was discovered by the undergraduate; professors did not then teach Mencken. If a similar magazine were to appear, edited by a man with Mencken's bounce and ire (an unlikely apparition, now, considering the general conformity), I doubt if the undergraduate would take it up because, first, it would be too hard to read; and, second, because he would not feel he could spare the time for intellectual pursuit that did not clearly make him ready for his economic niche.

Statistically, college students are

our intellectual elite. In twenty years they will run the most powerful nation on earth. For this they will have been trained but not educated; they will have inherited our native Puritanism; they will have the manners taught in their Life Adjustments class and modified by the members of their corporate group; they will work hard and have large families. They will be earnest but dull. There are worst types, and now, before they buckle on the clamps of the career, their youth and vitality make them very attractive.



REALIST AND THE AESTHETE.

WESLEY FOUNDATION

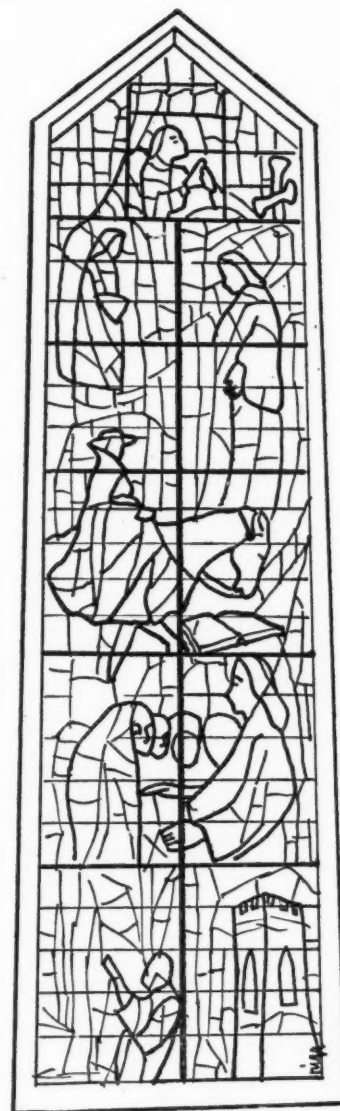
at university of oklahoma

BY LU ANN MASSENGALE

ON February 15, 1957, members of the Wesley Foundation became the inhabitants of the new Methodist Student Center adjoining Wesley Collegiate Chapel at the University of Oklahoma. The \$200,000 building, adjacent to the campus, is a part of the Christian ministry to the university community which includes 2,400 Methodist-preference students.

A large lounge, designed on a split-level, occupies the center area. Students may be seen here reading, watching television, gathered around the unique circular fireplace, singing around the piano. A special feature is recessed socket lighting, which can be used for special effects in dramatic presentations. The library, adjacent to the lounge, is always quiet for study and small committee or prayer group meeting. The seminar room is furnished in dramatic colors of charcoal, white and red—a room conducive to creative program planning and group study. A versatile classroom, furnished with chalk board and forty bright green chairs, is ample for forums, Bible classes and large discussion groups. The attractive kitchenette is used for making candy and popcorn on frequent Friday night get-togethers and a monthly cabinet dinner. The game room sports ping-pong and pool tables. Storage cabinets hold other games, and the room is the scene of much lively activity. The lounge and the game room open onto the terrace where groupings of deck chairs offer relaxation and good conversation. The directors' offices offer facilities for personal counseling. In addition, there are a publicity work room and student office.

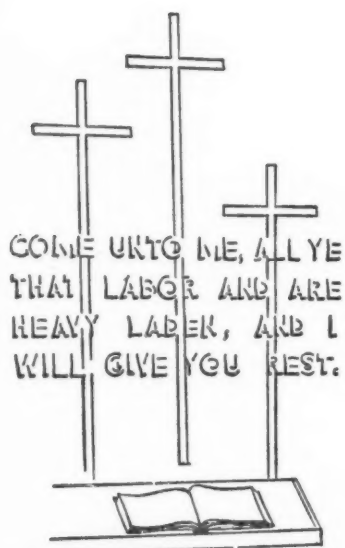
Architect F. Eugene Jones and former Wesley Foundation director James W. Rodgers are responsible for the chapel design. Wesley's much quoted phrase, "Let us unite the two so long divided: knowledge and vital piety," is the appropriate theme of Wesley Collegiate Chapel, which is used for weekly Com-



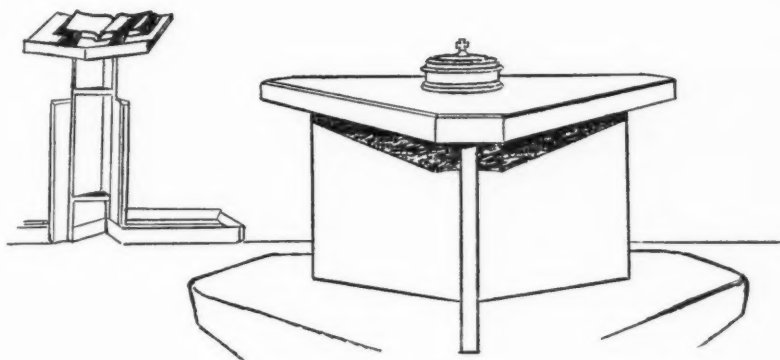
Wesley Window

munion and vespers and occasionally for interdenominational worship. It is dominated by a traditional pitched roof and laminated arches.

At the heart of the chapel is a triangular chancel, the dominant feature of which is a large marble communion table. Suspended above the table is a plain wooden cross. At any point where one kneels around the chancel the table and cross are plainly visible. The symbolism of the triangle is not only for the Holy Trinity, but also expresses the basic unity of the family of God as they kneel around his table in the sacrament of Holy Communion. The wooden panel at the back of the chancel carries the united figures of the Chi Rho and the lamp of



Three crosses on the wall of the prayer room



Altar and lectern in the chancel

learning, thus reminding us that Methodism was born on a college campus and calling us again to the task of uniting knowledge and vital piety.

Another striking feature of the chapel is a large stained-glass window in the north wall. Rising thirty feet from the base of the window, a bold red flame represents the Holy Spirit as so frequently portrayed in the New Testament. The theme of the window is the impact of the Holy Spirit in the life of a man, John Wesley, and a movement which became The Methodist Church. At the lower right-hand corner stands Epworth Church where Samuel Wesley was rector and where John Wesley received his early church training. At the lower left is the very beginning of the flame as it winds upward touching the various vignettes. There is the dramatic scene where the boy, John Wesley, was rescued from the burning rectory at Epworth. The next section represents the Holy Club at Oxford where John and Charles Wesley grew in their religious pilgrimage and the foundations for Methodism were laid. It speaks uniquely of the intellectual curiosity and spiritual aspiration of the college student. The open book suggests the reading of Luther's *Preface to the Commentary on Romans*, a book closely associated with Mr. Wesley's experience at Aldersgate where he "felt his heart strangely warmed." At the heart of the window is a man on horseback: symbolic of the Lord's horseman, John Wesley, as he traveled more than 225,000 miles back and forth across England to preach the gospel. Also it reminds us of the Wesleyan movement as it spread into the New World. At the upper left there is depicted the beginning of Methodist open air preaching. Mr. Wesley is preaching to the coal miners as they come from the pits of Kingswood. The scene is typical of his concern for the downtrodden. The

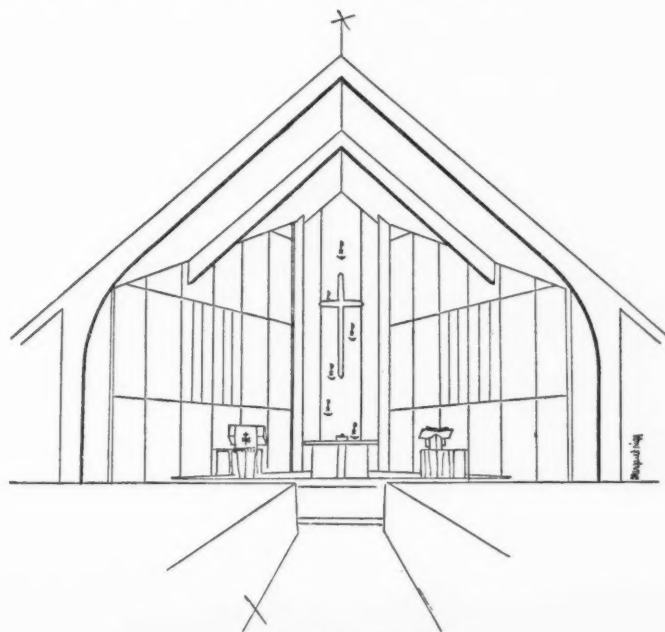
Charing Cross scene in the upper right calls attention to his concern for urban life, and reminds us of the many institutions founded by this remarkable man to care for the displaced and the uprooted. Finally, at the peak of the flame, we see Mr. Wesley in his last hours, and we remember his final words: "Best of all, God is with us."

The windows along the east side of the chapel are geometrically designed in brilliantly colored stained glass. They represent the joy and power of the Methodist movement as it spread across England and over into the frontier of America. Small lead panels at the base of each window contain the beginning words of some of Charles Wesley's best-loved hymns. These hymns cover the entire range of a Christian's experience, from the carol "Hark! the herald angels sing"

to "Christ the Lord is risen today" and "A charge to keep I have." They are a part of the Wesleyan heritage and stand as reminders that Methodists have always been a singing people. The designer of all the windows is the well-known Texas artist Cecil Casebier.

To the right of the chapel entrance is a small prayer room which is open night and day for prayer and meditation. The basic motif of this quiet place is simplicity. One is immediately confronted by the three crosses of Calvary: the cross of the repentant thief, of one who had sinned but who found God's forgiveness through Christ; the cross of Jesus, uniting complete love and complete perfection; the cross of the unrepentant thief, who, though face to face with God's forgiveness, refused to accept it. Superimposed over the metal crosses in wooden letters is the open invitation of Jesus: "Come unto Me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Quietly upholding the invitation are the words of Jesus contained in the side windows: "In this world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Finally at the foot of the crosses on a simple walnut slab rests the open Bible, a continuing witness to the meaning of the cross.

The present minister-director of the Wesley Foundation is the Rev. Clyde Chesnutt. Associate director is Miss Lu Ann Massengale. The pastor of the local McFarlin Methodist Church is Dr. Finis A. Crutchfield, Jr.



Interior view of the nave

campus roundup

THE COLLEGIAN MIND

The editors of 35 college newspapers recently expressed themselves in a poll for *This Week* magazine on the subject of today's undergraduate.

Here are some of their ideas:

Politics: The modern collegian is not so intense in his political ideas as his predecessors in the '20s and '30s. He is generally more conservative. There is a general optimism toward the future of the United States in world affairs. The Hungarian revolt shook a lot of students in this regard, however. **The biggest problem:** The students are concerned a little over the fact that they are giving up a lot of their individualism today for the more comfortable and cozy atmosphere where everyone is satisfied and comparatively wealthy. In a word: conformity. Said a Princeton editor: "Chances are taken by corporations—who can afford a loss—and not by individuals." **What they talk about:** Sex is still the number-one subject. Girls wonder how to catch the "right man"; the boys are a little more frivolous in their thoughts. Religion is also a hot topic. Billy Graham and a few "religious emphasis week" programs get hot comment. **Their personal futures:** They think about good jobs and high taxes and the rat race for material success. Few of them do much adventuring. Military service is usually the immediate course for the boys. It is usually seen as a way of putting off the decision about a life work. **Their preference:** For the boys it was close between Grace Kelly, Audrey Hepburn, Elizabeth Taylor and Kim Novak. The girls wanted someone to look up to. Charles Van Doren got top honors. Senator Kennedy, Adlai Stevenson and Albert Schweitzer were also named. Yul Brynner was the only movie star named—which may mean something. **What they listen to:** Jazz, Perry Como and Harry Belafonte got top honors. The younger students like Elvis Presley and James Dean. Said the editor at Drake: "Dean and Presley are looked up to by the frosh, admired by some sophs, analyzed by the psych majors and laughed at by everybody else." **What they think they need:** something to shake student apathy and pull the students away from their conforming ways. **What they want for**

their colleges: It was a toss up between a set of triple-threat backs and a set of good professors.

FOREIGN STUDENTS

The U. S. attracted more foreign students to its schools last year than ever before, establishing itself as a mecca for scholars around the world. More than 40,000 foreign students representing 136 countries flocked to the United States in the 1956-57 academic year.

Almost a third of these students were from the far east, indicating the intense struggle of the Asian nations for a higher standard of living through better education. About a fifth were from the Latin American countries. Canada sent the largest number (5,379), followed by China (3,055) and then Korea (2,307). Male students outnumbered women students three to one, reflecting the status of women in the world. This percentage was even higher in the far eastern countries. One startling exception was the Philippines where the women edged the men 877 to 837, possibly indicating the greater Westernization that has taken place in the former U. S. possession.

Figures have also been recently compiled on foreign faculty and doctors in the United States and on American faculty abroad. More than 1,100 foreign professors from 61 nations taught in American colleges and universities during 1956-57. More than 7,000 foreign doctors trained as internes in American hospitals. At the same time, almost 1,500 U. S. professors taught or carried out research projects abroad with 781 of them concentrated in European schools.

RUSSIAN STUDENTS

Russia is raising a generation of bewildered youth in its colleges and universities, says Marvin Kalb writing in the *New York Times Magazine*. "The majority are disturbed; they raise huge questions about the righteousness of the Russian regime and the moral fortitude of their leaders," he says.

The Hungarian situation, not long ago, raised gigantic doubts in the minds of many of the students and in many cases

led to underground sessions where the political situation was discussed, he says. Much of the college research efforts on the part of the student is hampered, says Kalb, because much of the history of Russia, especially in modern times, has been obscured and destroyed.

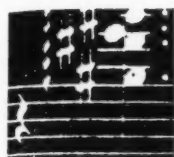
Many of the students are forced to work in the summertime in the various agricultural projects of the Soviet. This causes general unrest.

The corruption in the universities is evident and is a point of contention among the students. Some students gain advantage over others only because of the social and political position of their parents. Many deserving students never get to attend college. "Many of our young people are this way," confessed a Russian youth to Mr. Kalb. "I admit this. But I am not ashamed. I have no conscience. I don't believe in God. In our family we always did what was best for us. That is the way it is here."

The recent denunciation of Stalin has confused many students.

The most pressing confusion, however, is between what the students are supposed to believe in the political milieu and what they are seeking in the college and university libraries: the truth. Recently, a speaker in one of the university programs was going on about the twentieth-century progress of the communist party. One of the students jumped to his feet and shouted: "We are all literate. We read the newspapers. You taught us how. Now, we want to know the truth. We want facts—not the phraseology of the press." The applause was deafening. The speaker never regained order in the meeting.





MUSIC

NEW RECORDS

by L. P. Pherigo

REAL HI-FI

We hear a lot about hi-fi these days. It has become little more than an advertising slogan, applied without discrimination to any radio or record-player. Since everything is hi-fi, its meaning is in the process of being lost.

It used to stand for the claim that the final sound that came out of the loudspeaker was an exact reproduction of the original sound that went into the recording microphone. If the reproduction was not exact, it was "reasonably" exact. And because no two "reason" the same, the door was open from the beginning to the gradual corruption of the term and its universal application. It is now quite beyond recovery. Now we must rely on an adjective before it; we distinguish between "ordinary" hi-fi and "real" hi-fi. Record-players or radios that are not labeled hi-fi are scarcer than small and medium eggs. Beware, you who buy, and pay more attention to the actual performance of the equipment than to the label on it.

What is required to have "real" hi-fi? There are several indispensable features that are very often not present. Without any one of them, the equipment is deficient.

1. A professional quality turntable. Changers or manual players cheaper than changers are not hi-fi. They introduce an audible rumble into the music, and their rotation speed is not constant enough to produce an unvarying pitch.

2. A stylus (needle) that fits the groove exactly, in new condition. Diamonds are the only kind that retain their new condition for more than a few plays, and outlast all other kinds by so great a margin that they are the cheapest, as well as the safest and the best.

3. An amplifier that (a) gives equal response to all the audible frequencies, (b) has adequate controls for equalizing records of all labels (both old and new), and (c) has separate controls for bass and treble sounds. Most so-called hi-fi amplifiers have the first and third features, but most do not have the second.

4. A loudspeaker that is capable of giving equal reproduction to all audible

sounds, and is not mounted in the same cabinet as the turntable, or the amplifier. It is usually in its own separate enclosure, but it may be in a wall or a door, or someplace else.

If any of these are compromised, then the hi-fi is compromised too. Of course, other things can spoil real hi-fi, but these are the most common obstacles. In future issues of *motive* each of these elements will be considered more fully.

Of course, even when the reproduced sound is completely faithful to the original, only one kind of hi-fi is attained. We might call this "sound hi-fi." There remains the greater value of "musical hi-fi," where fidelity to musical values is the chief concern. This is the most important kind of hi-fi. The true greatness of a record depends on the musician, not the engineer. The discriminating collector who wants "true" hi-fi as well as "real" hi-fi will prefer a fine musical performance in an inferior reproduction to an excellent sounding version which distorts the musical values.

THE NEW RECORDS

Top honors go to two new piano concerto recordings. Shura Cherkassky gives the *Second Piano Concerto* of Tchaikovsky its best recorded performance (Decca DL 9916). Cherkassky (whose name is consistently misspelled in the notes, but not on the front of the jacket) has been playing this concerto for a long time, and understands it thoroughly. The Berlin Philharmonic under Richard Kraus does its part equally well. None of the other versions are in the same class as this one.

A new version of the Brahms *Piano Concerto No. 1* by Rudolf Firkusny and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under Steinberg (Capitol P8356) is excellent also, and takes its place alongside the versions by Backhaus, Curzon, Rubinstein, and Serkin. Each of these is worth owning, and each has its special merits. The Firkusny-Steinberg performance is a vigorous one, emphasizing the strength of the score rather than its lyricism.

Westminster's release of all the Prokofiev piano sonatas (XWN 18369/71) promises more than it fulfills. The music itself is fascinating, and such a release is long overdue. But the pianist, Yuri Boukoff, does not do justice to the music. He seems to lack a sense of the melodic line. Gary Grafmann's performance of the Second and Third Sonatas, on RCA Victor, is far superior. For most of the sonatas, however, there is no other version, so these will have to do. Even in Boukoff's

version, the music is highly recommended, but I hope a better performance will be made available.

Boukoff's way of de-emphasizing the melody may be deliberate, and not due to a native inability, but if so it is most inappropriate here. It is even out of place in his performance of the Grieg *Concerto in A Minor* (Westminster XWN 18231), with Artur Rodzinsky and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of London. Here melodic reserve is often a decided virtue, but Boukoff just plods through the music, precise and scholarly, and never rises into any significant lyricism. The orchestral work, however, is quite good.

Eugen Jochum gives us another fine orchestral record. He is certainly building up an impressive set of performances. This time it's two symphonies of Mozart, Nos. 33 and 36 (Decca DL 9920). He leads the Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio in beautifully executed versions of these two works. But since we already had some excellent versions of both of these symphonies, perhaps the most significant orchestral record is Steinberg's performance of Toch's *Symphony No. 3* (Capitol P8364). This is the only version available, and is an excellent example of contemporary German music. The record features a serious, somewhat heavy-footed performance of Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*. The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra plays very well indeed, and the contrast with the performance of the composer himself (with the Berlin Philharmonic, on Decca) is a very interesting one. I find Hindemith's performance preferable to Steinberg's, especially for its wonderful lightness and grace.

Steinberg also has a new Wagner record which is curiously unsatisfactory (Capitol P8368). One would expect greatness in this combination, but both the *Siegfried Idyll* and the *Parsifal* excerpts are taken too fast for their full effectiveness, whereas the *Prelude to Die Meistersinger* seems to me to bog down in an excessively serious reading. There are better versions of all this music.

Leitner's new performance of Dvorák's *Symphony No. 2* (Decca DL 9909) fills a need nicely. Since the deletion of the superb Schmidt-Isserstedt performance (on London) last April, no good version has been available. Leitner's performance, with the Berlin Philharmonic, is not the equal of Schmidt-Isserstedt's (nor of the old Talich set on Victor 78s), but it is better on all counts than Schrader's.

LETTERS . . .

This was the first time our society has sent subscriptions. Some of the students like the magazine, some are indifferent to its contents, some feel it is too far above their thinking, and others the exact opposite. No doubt this is an average response.

—Mrs. Guy Newhouse
columbus, ohio

Since I am planning to retire in the near future, I am not going to renew motive for the coming year. However, I want to tell you how much I have appreciated the magazine during the years I have received it. Except for the art work, which I have always deplored, I have found it the finest magazine published for young people.

—Harold Leonard Bowman
chicago, illinois

I shudder to think that a magazine like yours has a wide circulation among our grand generation of college students. To associate the Christian gospel with the weird, spooky and ghoulish things you call art seems to me a real profanity.

—Avery Jones
memphis, tennessee

The issues of motive have arrived and I want to thank you very much for sending them. This is a most impressive publication. In fact, almost exciting in some of its implications. I have had time thus far only to read a small portion, but I can already sense the extremely fine job that has been done.

—Warren K. Agee
texas christian university

You are a snooty magazine. I don't understand anything you say.

—Mary Belle Johnson
yakima, washington

Your recent article in motive, "The Message of the Artist for Today" thrilled us all here in the gallery. It is the first time I have read intelligent writing on art in America which is also understandable to people in general. Writing such as yours is terribly important today, as people have not yet learned how to "look" at the new painting. Keep it up!

—Martha Jackson
martha jackson gallery, new york
new york

Just out of sheer surprise and exultation of the moment I want to express my feelings of amazement and sad but good rejoicing because I have suddenly rediscovered motive. Has it changed? I don't remember it being like this before. You can't know—maybe you can—the despondency of being in a seminary, a very modern one, where one often feels that nobody really believes the gospel, nobody sees its excitingness, feels and admits the beauty and the terror. motive . . . speaks to me. Almost all of it. Where is the gimmick, what's wrong with it? This can't be true. . . .

—Ed Buckman
university of chicago

. . . I am convinced that such a publication should steer away from controversial figures such as Wayne Morse and his article on constitutional liberalism. . . . It is my opinion that a church-sponsored publication should use caution in a field as explosive as politics and political issues. . . .

—Gene T. Waggy
charleston, west virginia

KONTAKT !

In the history of ecumenical progress a thrilling new publication, *Kontakt*, has appeared in the motive office. In spite of the fact that no one around here reads German, the little magazine managed to make "kontakt" with its visual impact. It is handsome, cleanly modern and printed in several colors by what is clearly the use of the best European press work, layout and art.

Kontakt was started in April, 1957, as an ecumenical venture combining the publication efforts of *Junge Kirche*, the largest Protestant youth movement in Switzerland, of the YWCA, YMCA, the Methodist youth work and several smaller groups. Each of these individual movements has given up its separate magazine in order to make this common effort financially possible, and in order to give witness of the common cause to which, after all, each of these groups is dedicated.

The aim of *Kontakt* will be twofold. To try to meet the needs of the membership of all affiliated movements, and

at the same time, to attempt to prove itself a common voice of "youth evangelism" reaching out to young people all over Europe who are not (or not yet) willing to identify themselves with the Church. Thus *Kontakt*, as a bridge of vital communication between "church" and "nonchurch," hopes to bring young people from all walks of life into a living and fresh contact with the Gospel.

Kontakt is edited by a team of four editors, from the various contributing movements, but the main responsibility belongs to the former editor of the old *Junge Kirche*, Hans Heinrich Brunner. The other editors carry special responsibilities in different areas, and each gives time to *Kontakt* aside from his own vocation. Dr. Brunner, for instance, holds the position of student chaplain at Zurich University. motive is pleased to welcome *Kontakt* into the ranks of serious church journalism, and to share in spirit and purpose the desire to establish new and relevant forms of contact in the bustling midst of the twentieth century.

the delight of study

Members of the Methodist Student Movement have some days of anticipation ahead.

A part of this anxious waiting for the Lawrence Conference will be days of study. As guides to this time of stretching are three good books:

1. *Confessing the Gospel* by Edmund Perry.

Ed Perry is a professor at Northwestern University. He comes, originally, from the South and got his doctorate at Duke University, after having served a stint as a Wesley Foundation director in Georgia. His book is one of the best guides to the study of Mark available any place. It is one which captures the dramatic intensity of the earliest Gospel, and which thrusts the student imaginatively into the encounter of which it is a witness. No member of the MSM, who uses this book as a guide, will be quite the same in his estimate of the Gospel and the relevance to his own existence.

2. *Form and Reality: Art as Communication* by John Dixon.

For the past two years John Dixon, who did his Ph.D. work at the University of Chicago, has been the executive for the Faculty Christian Fellowship. About the time this volume is published he finishes his agreed-upon stint with the Fellowship and goes back to teaching art history and criticism at Dickinson College. His former teaching post was at Emory University. In *Form and Reality* John Dixon has noted our total involvement in the life of our world and attempts to say what this means in our over-againstness to God. The language of art, which runs parallel to revelation rather than as science which attempts to describe it, is the best vehicle for knowing God's self-revelation.

3. *The Responsible Student*, a colloquy by members of the Faculty of Boston University School of Theology.

Under the direction and editorship of *motive's* first editor, Harold Ehrensperger, an exciting group of scholars have probed what it means to communicate the gospel in our world and particularly in our university and college communities. They have not indulged themselves in futile perfectionist admonitions, but "have laid the cards on the table" (to use a somewhat un-Methodistic metaphor). That is, the involvements they probe are real—and the one who studies will find himself inquiring as to the extent of his own involvement.

Good reading, delightful (?) study—every one of them.

October 1957

CONFESSING THE GOSPEL by Edmund Perry

"The Gospel Mark preached speaks with momentous relevance to people who are courageous enough to ask and face up to those existential questions. Anyone who is afraid to examine his faith, who prefers to let 'bad enough alone,' had better not pursue those questions and should not study Mark's book. Mark's book has a way of 'getting hold of you and pinning you down.'"

"The Gospel is inseparable from the history of Israel. There is no Gospel of Jesus Christ without Abraham, and any discussion of the Gospel which does not reckon with the Old Testament background is a discussion of something other than the New Testament Gospel. People who assert that they do not care for the Old Testament but find the New Testament quite sufficient in itself betray the grossest ignorance of the New Testament."

"In Mark 1:38 Jesus characterized his mission as a preaching mission: 'Let us go to the next towns,' he said to Simon and others, 'that I may preach there also; for that is why I came out.' We cannot be other than shocked when we are compelled by Mark's Gospel to think of Jesus as primarily a preacher. We have pictured him as an itinerant teacher, stating and explaining great principles of ethics. This is not Mark's picture of Jesus."

"The Good News that God reigns is news that we no longer reign. The reign of God brings an end to our little dictatorships of piety and self-sufficiency, and to our more insidious imperialism of self-pity, all of which are manifestations of our will to rule others. 'A broken and contrite heart' is all any of us—the best and the worst of us—has left when confronted by God's kingly rule."

"Only when we ignore the New Testament as our norm, can we think of the Church as a group of like-minded individuals who have assembled together by their own volition. The New Testament Church is the community founded by Jesus Christ, responsibility for which he vested in and shared with the Apostles."

"But I am convinced that there is no Scriptural authority for The Methodist Church to continue outside the communion of the Churches in Apostolic Succession. . . . If God will give the authorized representatives of the Apostolic Church of England (which in America is the Protestant Episcopal Church) sufficient Grace to suppress their pride in being Scripturally right, perhaps he will give us Methodists sufficient Grace to overcome our false pride and presumptuous claim to churchhood, and so make it possible for a larger portion of his family to live and work together in the True Household of Faith, the Apostolic Church."

"We cannot reject the miracles of Jesus without thereby rejecting the Gospel. The miracles were part of the Gospel Jesus proclaimed."

"We sinners would consider it quite a bargain if God would give us nothing but death as our punishment, but Jesus did not promise that kind of leniency."

"Christian baptism is not a magical rite and it is not a

mere service of 'reception and blessing.' It is an act of repentance and faith."

FORM AND REALITY—ART by John Dixon

"Man cannot make a redemptive art but he can make an art that communicates what he experiences of redemption as a man and what he knows of it as an artist. God in his infinite wisdom may use a work of art as an instrument of redemption but what serves or what can serve that purpose is beyond the knowledge of man."

"... the art form of the gospels is an instrument of redemption."

"The apostles, even in the presence of Jesus, were men as other men. They were quarrelsome, obtuse, misunderstanding of the teaching before them, fumbling in their attempts to heal, obstructing access to Jesus, seeking advantage over their fellows, craven in crisis. The resurrection brought them together again but it was the descent of the spirit at Pentecost which made them the new men who turned the world upside down.

"It was a shattering process. . . . They are shattered and remade but not destroyed. Their own massive individuality is always present so the proclamation comes in the passionate anger of Amos and the tenderness of Hosea, the matter-of-factness of Matthew and the vision of John. What happens is that the totality of the divine communication is seen through separate lens, heard from separate tongues. Men who are transported into the presence of the kingdom of God interact with it to make their work which is then the means for representing the reality of the kingdom to the rest of God's people.

"On this foundation is built our understanding of art as communication."

"... order is not itself to be a god. It is not enough to say the work is done when it has attained its unity and its order. For the work of art points back to its origin and forward to its meaning, or rather, it is the ground on which origin and meaning meet in fruitful union."

"The artist is a man who sees the same chaos but in some way makes sense out of it."

"What do we mean by the nature of man? Can we just take for granted that man is what he is? Can the artist do more than record what man is?"

"... man caught in the paradox of his creativity and his sin cannot lift himself out of the trap but he can be lifted out. What he does for himself is preparation and response by a true ordering of himself within creation and by accepting the communication from God."

"The university belongs by its nature to the orders of creation. It is not an instrument for man's technique but one major means of entering a right relation to the created order."

"... when the church cuts its people off from art it deprives them of a proper expression of a need almost as basic as physical hunger."

THE RESPONSIBLE STUDENT

"Thinking, if it is implemented in life, implies consequences. This kind of thinking makes one reconsider the problem of when a question is 'academic.' An academic question, for our purposes, may be defined as one the answer to which will make no appreciable difference in behavior. In other words, debate this question as you will, for the consequences are not serious.

"Are these, then, the only questions that can be discussed freely on the campus. Certainly, the question of the humanity of a people does make a difference. . . . 'What is man' is no longer a formal question; it is now practical. . . . One wonders if the quest for truth does not require freedom, the freedom of the missionary and commandant (or any professor) to debate the issues; the freedom of the student to face the questions, examine the evidence, and decide for himself. Is this freedom a luxury to be granted and to be withheld from universities at will, or is it inherent in the nature and task of the university itself?"

"Christians have asked themselves time and again whether they should hold their own conception of Christian faith as the truth to be proclaimed to the world and not to be discussed and questioned. Such a view aims to keep Christians and their truth pure from the world, but it also prevents real communication with and influence on others."

"... human beings who do not make the transition from wanting to be loved to wanting to love become much more insecure than they would if they accepted the insecurity of trusting others. The choice in life is not between security and insecurity, not between conflict and no conflict, it is only between fruitful conflict and fruitless conflict, between frustrating insecurity and creative insecurity."

"As Jesus saw it there is one fundamental sin which breaks contact with reality. It takes place when a man says: I can do what I wish because I belong to myself. Such a man breaks the only basis for creative strength and community."

"Man can only be free in a society that is willing to have its assumptions challenged. He must be able to exercise the right to examine and re-evaluate these assumptions."

"Are colleges seeking the truth? What kind of quest for truth goes forward on the campus?"

"Freedom and truth are universal needs of mankind. They are also the goals of universities everywhere in the world. They provide a community of values which bind research personnel, teachers and students together throughout the world to the extent that their life and work are understood and shared. Students can play a greater role than they now do by making this function of college and university life more prominent in their campus life."

The John Wesley order for morning prayer has been reprinted from the *May motive*. It is available at 5 cents each; \$3 per 100 from *motive*, P. O. Box 871, Nashville 2, Tenn.

BOOKS



IN REVIEW

BY ROGER ORTMAYER

LONG PUBLISHED, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

One of the misadventures of authorship is the contemporary policy of merchandising. It is a pathetic experience (in some ways there are elements of tragedy here) for an author to struggle in his awakening hours and in his dreams, for days and months and even years and finally have his manuscript ready for the printer. The publisher accepts it, the copywriters scrutinize, the editors rearrange, the linotypes begin to clatter, the galley is approved, the presses print, the binders bind, and then—a few scattered reviews, some enthusiastic, some indifferent, some adversely critical. The publisher places a few ads, the book stores make brief displays and in six months this work, this labor of love and passion and thought, is discarded to make way for new books. The author is considered jejune if he protests—the problem now being one of merchandising.

This is the way it is, not the way it ought to be. So let us take a look at a few books we missed calling to your attention several months ago, but which we do not want you to neglect reading.

As good a place to start as any is with one of the most ephemeral of publications—the cartoon book: *Good Grief, More Peanuts!* by Charles M. Schulz (Reinhart and Company, Inc., \$1). Incidentally, another one has appeared, but I haven't seen it yet.

Last summer I had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with a young Princeton professor. I'm not quite clear as to what they do enjoy at Princeton, but for some reason or other he had missed *Peanuts*. So I attempted to arouse some passion in him by calling attention to the strip in a daily newspaper. He was unimpressed to start out—and I'm afraid that at the end of our sojourn he was still not convinced. I should not have let him off so easily, however. I should have made him sit down with a copy of *Good Grief, More Peanuts!* and not let him out of his chair until he had finished.

This collection is composed of the longer Sunday editions of the strip—some of the most biting of all of Schulz's cartoons. For instance, here are some of the

bitter comments on the world and its involvements in which Linus is quite incapable of dealing with toy telephones, kites, or paddle-rubber band-and-ball creations, in which he gets increasingly frustrated and ends up with his thumb in his mouth, his comforting blanket to his ear, completely immobilized by the gimmick he cannot cope with. Here also is included the famous "Christ" strip in which Charlie Brown, heavily padded against the cold, slips and falls on the ice. No matter how vigorously he struggles he can't move, he can't get up. He guesses he is doomed; he will freeze to death. Finally Snoopy, the dog, shows up, puts his head against Charlie, and pushes him across the ice to Charlie's lament, "This is the most embarrassing thing that's ever happened to me!"

Good ol' Charlie Brown. . .

Charles Péguy died on the first day of the Battle of Marne of World War I. A Socialist, a revolutionary in his demands for justice and freedom, an incisive moralist, in 1908 Péguy found himself still within the Catholic Church. Although he felt he had never deserted it, he had lost faith in its precepts early in life.

As a result of his rediscovery of himself, he turned from prose to poetry to celebrate the facts of faith as he understood them. His religious poetry is now available in English translation, *The Mystery of the Holy Innocents*, translated by Pansy Pakenham (Harper & Brothers, \$3). This is poetry quite unlike that of many of our contemporaries; it is imaginative statement, not subtly obscured symbolism. It is full of image but it is the image of "God who speaks." In it Péguy felt that he was most free when using the best "order" of poetry.

One of Péguy's great themes is that of the reunion of tradition and freedom. It is a question of the light—for Péguy does not see belief as a set of abstract truths, or propositions. It is a living involvement in the event in which we participate and concerning which we must communicate.

Alexander Dru provides a short introduction to *The Mystery of the Holy Innocents*. It is expanded into a book-length discussion titled, *Péguy, His Prose and Poetry* (Harper & Brothers, \$2.50).

Péguy reversed the usual development of a writer, i.e., the more ordinary pattern is that in the flash of youth one writes poetry, and as maturity comes and thought demands a more controlled structure for communication he abandons poetry and takes up prose. Péguy reversed this procedure. He published a score of prose works and then began poetry at the age of thirty-five—being one of the few, if not the only important poet who began such writing in the middle of life and toward the close of his work.

One of the most useful of the insights of Dru to Péguy is his discussion of the central conception of the unity of freedom and tradition. In spite of the fact that Péguy's methods and styles of poetry set him quite apart from the dominant group of twentieth-century poets, nevertheless, his attitude, his point of view is one which the mid-century seeker finds refreshingly relevant. Péguy does not write about his faith, instead his poetry is the communication of his faith. He does not write concerning faith, as if it were a set of abstract principles, or absolute truths, concerning which he is speculating. Rather it is a state of existence, a point of view, an involvement, an encounter. Man for him is not an abstract rational animal, but the completely free man created in the image of God. The unity of Péguy poetry is the image of God's grace.

One of the most formidable works in progress is Hoxie Neale Fairchild's *Religious Trends in English Poetry*. Last spring Volume IV of this amazing work was published; 1830-1880: *Christianity and Romanticism in the Victorian Era* (Columbia University Press, \$7.50).

Dr. Fairchild, professor of English at Hunter College, is a vigorous protagonist. He draws the line of the Christian perspective, and he draws it sharply. He has the critical skill to see the quasi religious and pseudo Christian and to identify them as such. He doesn't say which is right or which is wrong. He does, however, clearly identify himself with that which is according to classic Christian understanding, and is impatient with that which claims to be Christian but actually is not, whatever its guise may be.

The unruly growth of Romanticism provided plenty of opportunity for confusion. Fairchild has cut through with possibly oversimplified, but nevertheless reliable judgment: Does man make God, or is it God that makes man? Is God transcendently objective, or is man all-sufficient?—these are the issues.

But they can still be plenty confusing. For while Romanticism puts its aim on man and Christianity demands God's transcendence, there are few "purely Christian" or "purely romantic" writers or persons.

In this excellent volume of analysis and criticism, Fairchild has followed up his discussion of the Romantic period with his discussion of Victorian poetry. His analysis is primarily historical, so the "new critics" are naturally irritated. His interest is fundamentally that of ideas in a context, rather than criticism of the structure of the poetry.

I think there is room for both the sharp form critic and the loose-ranging judgments of Fairchild.

One of the amazing contemporary Methodist churchmen is Bishop Gerald

Kennedy. I guess the word best used to describe him is "prolific." He's prolific in his talking and in his traveling, in his writing and in conversation. He is engaging at any one of these avocations, in addition to being an administrator of one of the largest and most vigorous of episcopal areas in Methodism.

I suspect that, as with so much of Bishop Kennedy's work, the reason one cannot help but enjoy *The Christian and His America* (Harper & Brothers, \$3) is the "engagement" one has with the writer. Kennedy is particularly expert at making the reader at home with the author. He does this in many ways, one of the most skillful of his techniques being the good story related at the right moment.

In this his latest volume the Bishop has attempted to relate what America has become in terms of the faith which has produced and sustained it. I think that fundamentally he is as correct in his analysis as he is vigorous in its proposal.

Certainly one of the most amazing of living authors is Robert Graves. His poetry is alive and enchanting. His essays are skilfully designed. His novels include some of the most vigorous historical fiction in the English language, and his criticism is sharp and scholarly. What a man!

Over a year ago a volume of collected essays on poetry appeared: *The Crowning Privilege* (Doubleday and Company, Inc. \$5). Perhaps you missed it. You should now make up for the oversight.

I think I like Robert Graves the best when I disagree with him the most. He lays about with sledge hammer and with rapier. He pricks and he clobbers and you can't help but get the idea, no obscurity here! Yet the virile beauty of the way in which he handles language, his far-ranging (although sometimes mistaken) information, and his capricious wit go to make this volume of essays one of the best events in recent literary criticism. He may be "off his rocker" when he talks about e. e. cummings, but I'll rise right up with him and say *Amen!* when he discusses Pope.

Another little volume of criticism on hand over a year since publication, is *Lionello Venturi's Four Steps Toward Modern Art* (Columbia University Press, \$3).

Briefly discussing Giorgione, Caravaggio, Manet, and Cezanne, Dr. Venturi develops the significant emphases of what we know as "modern art." It is the story, as he sees it, of the liberation of art from the demands of the representational or humanistic. These painters have all directed their best work toward the interpretation of a reality deeper than the surface and a meaning more profound than the obvious. Truth, as they see it,

is a state of being rather than an external representation.

A most valuable part of this little volume is the selection of plates which are discussed by Venturi in relation to each of the painters. An extremely useful essay.

A French movie that has been making the rounds is called "We Are All Murderers." The theme is capital punishment.

I cannot help agreeing that of all the barbaric tag ends of tradition, the deliberate destruction of another human being is about the worst.

I know they prate about the cost of maintaining prisoners alive and the "debt to society," etc., but these rationalizations in no sense dim the essential barbarity of the custom. For a civilization with a modicum of a sense of Christian responsibility, it is monstrous.

In *Reprieve* by John Resko (Doubleday and Company, Inc., \$3.75), one realizes a bit of the extent of murder. Here is no case of mistaken identity. John Resko had committed murder; he felt sorry about it. It was murder in first degree and his own life was to be the price. Three different times his sentence was commuted in the last seconds by the Governor of New York State, and finally it was commuted to life imprisonment.

John Resko lived. John Resko has lived to give us an account of how it feels to come up to the moment of dying, to live for nineteen years in a prison and finally to be given his freedom again as a human being who wants to make some contribution to the human community which he has rejoined.

But if they had killed John Resko what would have been the benefit? He would have been dead—dead—dead—dead.

And we would have been murderers.

William Sargant, a renowned English physician specializing in psychological medicine, has written a fascinating volume, *Battle for the Mind* (Doubleday and Company, Inc., \$4.50). It is an analysis of the psychological mechanism of the brain and the methods by which its functions can be broken and new allegiances created. It is a discussion of the way in which the brain and the nervous system can be attacked by the religious revivalist or political manipulator and then attachments rearranged for belief and adherence to a particular cult, doctrine or illusion.

The argument has recourse to animal as well as human behavior, and tends to jump from the results of animal experiment to predictions about correlative human reactions. As the author, however, is at pains to insist, he is interested only in the *mechanics* of what happens and is dealing with the brain and nervous system strictly in terms of the manipulation of the system. He is not attempting to theologize nor philosophize.

But philosophy and theology are not to be thus summarily separated from belief. It seems to me that John Dixon Copp's chapter on the psychology of conversion in the MSM publication, *Witness to the Campus*, is as psychologically valid in a discussion of conversion as is Sargant's analysis of religious conversion (with its particular emphasis upon John Wesley), and that Copp has kept a theological orientation while remaining psychologically valid.

But in these days of brain-washing and strange and erratic enthusiasms, all the knowledge which we can have as to the mechanics of the human system and the ways in which (perverse as well as well-intentioned) persons can manipulate human beings is all to the good. In fact, for one, I resent being manipulated by anyone—he be benevolent or bigoted. *Battle for the Mind* is worth reading.

OF THINGS LITURGICAL

Back in 1876 a Lutheran clergyman named Edward T. Horn published a volume entitled *The Christian Year*. Now in 1957 a Lutheran clergyman named Edward T. Horn III, has written a volume entitled *The Christian Year* (Muhlenberg Press, \$3.75).

This new discussion of the liturgical uses of the Church Year is being published just as most of the Lutheran churches in English-speaking countries are getting acquainted with a new *Service Book*. Naturally the volume is written from the Lutheran point of view. The liturgy developed by the Lutheran churches, however, is one of the most remarkable in Christendom, at many points closely related to that of the Anglican Church, or/and that of the Roman Church, but at other points distinctive.

The book has a brief theological discussion of the role of the Church Year, the way in which it came to be established and its relationship to the church service. The bulk of the volume is an examination of the movement of the year and the ways in which it is to be celebrated. A useful bibliography and an excellent index, add to the merit of this excellent discussion.

EXISTENTIALISM AND THE EXISTENTIALIST

We have called attention in previous pages of *motive* to David E. Roberts' excellent series of sermons, *The Grandeur and the Misery of Man*. Now we have another posthumous volume, *Existentialism and Religious Belief* (Oxford University Press, \$5). This volume was not completed at the time of David Roberts' death. Roger Hazelton, the editor, has provided some transitions plus brief introductory and concluding

portions, holding true to the intention of Professor Roberts.

Because of the protesting nature of existentialism and the ambiguous regard which it has for man and his dreams, it is most difficult to give any answers as to what it is. Certainly this volume does not attempt to do so. What it has done is to take Pascal, Kierkegaard, Heidegger, Sartre, Jaspers and Marcel and probe the thought of these persons at the point of their existential insights. This helps one to see existentialism's relationship to religious commitment.

Spurred by these leaders, existentialism has become one of the most penetrating of current patterns of thought, whether in the denial of Christianity, or in the revival of its life. On one hand, existentialism has been a nihilistic spasm of human self-assertion. On the other hand, a vigorous kind of Christian action. Anyone aware of what is happening in intellectual currents of Western culture today cannot afford to be ignorant of what is meant when the word existential is used, even though he may be unable sharply to define it and may have to reject many of its claims. Certainly, for this task, Roberts' book is one of the most useful now in print. In particular I appreciated his discussion of Gabriel Marcel which, while it has not the poetic strength of Harper's *The Sleeping Beauty*, does give an intriguing insight into his thinking.

Whenever existentialism is mentioned Kierkegaard pops up. The books on the "Great Dane" are almost as numerous as are discussions of existentialism itself—and almost as confusing.

As J. Heywood Thomas says in his study of Kierkegaard, *Subjectivity and Paradox* (The Macmillan Company, \$3.75), it is now about time that we cease publishing "introductions" to Kierkegaard and get down to a vigorous study of certain of the contributions which he makes to philosophical and theological thought.

This, Thomas has attempted to do. The book is a detailed examination dealing with Christian analysis of the principle of subjectivity, both philosophical and religious, which Kierkegaard throws into the philosophical debates, when he insists that no system of philosophy can do justice to the Christian faith, for its nature is bound up with relationships which philosophical existence ignores.

One of the most interesting aspects of this volume is the discussion of Kierkegaard's importance in terms of his insistence that "faith is not proof." Around this, of course, revolves much of the influence of Kierkegaard as one religionist who at least took religion seriously.

If one requires proof of this last statement, however, it is not the proof of the mathematician or the logician. It is the

proof of faith itself which is provided by such a volume as *The Prayers of Kierkegaard* edited by Perry D. LeFevre (The University of Chicago Press, \$3.50). The first half of the volume is a printing of the prayers themselves, in English. They are arranged under sections headed: "God, The Father," "God, The Son," "God, The Holy Spirit," and "For Special Occasions."

The second half of the volume is an interpretation of Kierkegaard's life and thought—and incidentally one of the more valuable "introductions" to Kierkegaard that we have (since it seems we must have them!). He especially emphasizes, of course, Kierkegaard's life of faith in terms of a man of prayer. The most important thing which happens to man is his God-relationship. This is not a matter of understanding God in terms of proposition, but of knowing God in terms of relationship. True prayer is in the midst of this encounter.

THE "DARK" AGES

The usual school-boy impression of the seven hundred years between A.D. 400-1100 is that nobody did any writing at all, and that it was by quite an accident of history that anything earlier was preserved. There was, however, a rather lively intellectual life, even if in those violent and turbulent times it was insecure and tended to be preservative rather than novel in its orientation. The excellent "Library of Christian Classics" continues its publications with *Early Medieval Theology* edited by George E. McCracken and Allen Cabaniss (The Westminster Press, \$5).

Certainly today exhibits continued interest in one of the ninth-century controversies on the doctrine of the Eucharist, or The Lord's Supper. Included in the volume are portions of important works by Radbertus and Ratramnus. The work of Ratramnus especially was to have important results in providing theological ammunition for some of the leaders of the Reformation.

For a person who wants to understand his tradition and to know where he is in the life of Western culture, no age can be ignored. This is just as true of the early medieval as it is of the sixteenth century.

THEOLOGY IS AMBIGUOUS

To say that Paul Tillich's theology, like most enterprises of the human mind, is ambiguous is not by any means the same as saying that theologizing is futile. Quite the contrary . . . in its very ambiguity his theology demonstrates its relevance to human existence.

From the title of his grand work, *Systematic Theology*, we would expect Paul Tillich to have a system like that

of mathematics where each point is a necessary derivative from one previously made. But "systematic" has no such meaning for Tillich. In the second volume of his great work, *Existence and the Christ* (University of Chicago Press, \$4.50), we see that rather than necessity, the problem of theology is the "correlation" of the human question of existence and the divine answer. And this is ambiguous, for the theologian is bound up with the existential situation and can himself only "encounter" the divine—the same as any of the rest of us.

In this important "middle" volume of Tillich's theology, he has attempted to deal with what is traditionally known as the "christological" formulation. Coming at the time when the orthodox categories of interpreting Christ are not tenable for contemporary man and the liberal constructions are equally suspect, Tillich has attempted to say some things about Christ at the moment when the symbolism of Protestantism is at its weakest. The ambiguity of this attempt comes in when Tillich realizes that we cannot develop a christology of "necessity" but rather one of "New Being," i.e., the existential question of man and the divine answer of God become historical reality. Christ is not some static essence, but a living relationship.

While space makes it utterly impossible to go on with an analysis of Tillich, this is simply to say that of all the theologies now being written, it seems to me Tillich's is the most relevant. Any "educated person" of the mid-twentieth century should be acquainted with his work.

NEW PAPERBACKS

The best thing that has happened in modern publishing history, for the impecunious student and professor, is the paperback. While the sleazy and the worthless still are too often published in the cheap edition, the titles of first quality and impeccable scholarship are increasingly available. No longer can anyone blame the high cost of books as being the reason he has not built a quality library. Not when such lists as the latest editions of the *Harper Torchbooks* (Harper & Brothers, Publishers) are available:

Johan Huizinga, *Erasmus and the Age of Reformation* (\$1.50)

F. M. Cornford, *From Religion to Philosophy* (\$1.35)

Stanley Romaine Hopper, editor, *Spiritual Problems in Contemporary Literature* (\$1.50)

William Haller, *The Rise of Puritanism* (\$1.85)

Auguste Sabatier, *Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion* (\$1.45)

George Santayana, *Winds of Doctrine and Patonism and the Spiritual Life* (\$1.45)

THE CURRENT SCENE

WHAT is it to be "humanitarian"? According to those who insist on the adequacy of the Immigration bill which passed Congress in late August, it is in part: 1) to permit families to enter the United States without, as under previous law, leaving behind certain members because they are tubercular, illegitimate, adopted, or do not all possess the special skills which permit entry of one member; 2) to permit, at least for a period of two years, orphans to come to the U.S. for adoption without being restricted by the quota limitations imposed on their countries by past legislation; 3) to waive the present requirement that visiting aliens be fingerprinted; 4) to make available the 18,656 visas which were still unissued at the time the Refugee Relief Act of 1953 expired on January 1, 1957.

While there is no argument about the "humanitarianism" of the present bill, some members of Congress insist it also warrants another title: "Quarter loaf." They feel it barely begins to alleviate the inequities of the present immigration law, yet they hesitate to demand the "whole loaf" for fear that a battle might result in defeat of all revisions. Up to now, the only recourse for any alien affected by the restrictions which were changed by the present legislation has been to appeal to Congress to pass a private bill on his behalf. Such has been the work-load added to Congress by its response to these appeals that during the 84th Congress, 1,239 private immigration bills were passed, affecting 1,488 aliens. And it has been estimated that such legislation has, in recent years, accounted for more than one third of all enactments, both public and private. Thus, by those who have fought to liberalize our immigration laws, the passage of this bill is felt to be a triumph. And perhaps, in face of today's general opposition to change in immigration quotas, such piecemeal revision may be the most to be expected for some time to come.

Yet, in terms of the ideal originally set for it, the bill fails in two major ways. First, the present law contains certain provisions completely incompatible with any Christian definition of brotherhood or justice, and these remain unchanged. For instance, the use of a "quota system" to discriminate against immigrants from Asia, Africa, and Eastern and Southern Europe expresses a conviction that the superior potential Americans of the world reside in Northern and Western Europe. While many Congressmen will agree that such legislation makes mockery of American ideals, they insist it is a true representation of the attitude of the majority of this country's citizenry. If they are wrong, they need to hear from those with other convictions.

The most immediately shocking failure of the bill is its lack of provision for the Hungarian refugees—particularly those here on "parole" status. In October of 1946, when the Hungarian crisis dominated our front pages and newscasts, the inadequacies of our immigration law were simply not permitted to stand in the way of our country's response. Although Hungary's limited "quota" under the law was filled, there yet remained 6,130 special nonquota visas available to escapees from communist areas of Europe under the Refugee Relief Act of 1953 (itself merely a temporary attempt to "humanize" the law). Since Congress was not then in session, no special legislation could be passed to issue further visas to the Hungarians, so a minor provision for the immigration law (never intended such extended interpretation) was utilized to bring in an additional 25,000 "parolees." As such they live in the continued insecurity of statelessness, since they are not permitted to apply for U.S. citizenship and yet fear to return to the country of their origin. It was generally assumed that when Congress reconvened in January of 1957, one of its first acts would be to change the status of these parolees, making them eligible for citizenship. But as the months passed, the urgencies of the Hungarian needs passed to the back of the minds of people, and questions of security and national origin came to the fore. Some fear that a mass bringing-in of Hungarian refugees will jeopardize our security by permitting entry of communists. But an August 11 press release from the Department of Justice reports that "since the inception of the program, 2,346 cases that warranted investigation were received. . . . Among them were 16 with communist affiliations and 29 who obtained admission through fraud." These were deported. Another basic reason for inaction involves the "national origins" question; there is hesitancy to make any sweeping change which might break through the present quota system.

Thus, in the name of "humanitarianism," certain special inequities have been alleviated, but our conscience is deaf to the concerted cry of humanity, both here and around the world.



Christ Healing the Blind Man

Bob Hodgell

"Let's keep it courteous!"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you know . . ." the lady assistant dean twitched a bit nervously, "it does seem your language is a bit gauche . . . boorish or tasteless one might say."

"Why?"

"The ill-mannered claim you just made."

The college junior wondered, "You mean when I said a lot of us in my class had been seduced?"

"Yes. Don't you think that is a rather sexy term to use? I thought we were talking about education."

"We were talking education. I said we had been seduced and that is exactly what I meant."

"Ill-mannered."

"In speech class I have been taught to say what I mean. To use words precisely."

"Ill-bred!"

"o.k. . . . o.k. I'm ill-bred, ill-mannered, boorish and gauche. But I meant that my innocence had been taken advantage of and destroyed. Is there a more pointed word than the one I used to describe my condition?"

"There ought to be . . . where is my Thesaurus anyway?"

"Look. Let's see if you get my point. Maybe you don't get what I mean by innocence, and why I now resent its destruction."

"All right, try to justify the usage."

"I came here, after having read the handouts, with the feeling that something unexpected and exciting would happen to me. I was told that education would be an adventure."

"Isn't it?"

"Quite frankly, no. Dullards have been palmed off on me as intellectual giants, and when the bright boys came along they were put on closed circuit TV. I might as well have gone to the lounge and watched Omnibus—it was even better."

"You must realize, my boy, that this situation is unusual. There are such crowds of students nowadays."

"Sure, sure. But I was saying that in my innocence I looked for adventure and I got—I almost used a bad word—let's say I got mediocrity, that is a kind word, isn't it?"

"Perhaps I can agree with you a bit. For some reason you seem to have missed some of the really fascinating persons I know are here. But you have time before graduation—why not set out to find them?"

"My answer is why I say I've been seduced. If I were still innocent, I would still be seeking. Now I could hardly care less. You see, it has been pointed out to me in countless and innumerable ways that this stuff does not count. Where will the intellectual life get you anyway? Poets can't make a living . . . and you folks have shown me this—the humanities are housed in the dingiest corners of the campus and business admin and technology—they have the modern quarters."

"Business and technology are intellectual."

"But not in the exciting sense of poetry."

"And this is seduction—you don't like poetry anymore?"

"Don't you get the idea?"

"I believe I do, but it seems a bit silly."

"Seduction always is silly—except for the victim."

"Now you are getting sexy again."

(**Note on the above:** There is no use continuing our recording of the interview. The lines simply repeat themselves. Of all the facts of existence, innocence is the most misunderstood.)

(ORTMAYER)